

English Literature for Secondary Schools
General Editor:—J. H. FOWLER, M.A.

THE LIFE AND EXPLOITS OF
DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA



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The Life and Exploits of Don Quixote de la Mancha

By
Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra

*Abridged from the translation of Charles Jarvis with
Introduction, Notes, Questions, etc., by*

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. HOUGHTON

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INTRODUCTION

THE story of *Don Quixote* was written more than 300 years ago by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, then a man of nearly sixty, living in wretched poverty in two miserable rooms in Madrid, and writing to support his wife, his daughter, his sister and his sister-in-law, all of whom were living with him and largely dependent on him. As a young man he had had other ambitions, and had borne himself proudly as a soldier of Spain; for the Spanish had been trained as a fighting race by their long struggle against the Moorish invaders, a struggle which had lasted 700 years and had not long been won. Triumphant at last over the Moors, the Spaniards were the terror of Europe, and were even dreaming of a crushing attack on England. These were the days of the dread Spanish Inquisition under Philip II., who had sworn he would be "no ruler of heretics."

Cervantes first distinguished himself at the naval battle of Lepanto in 1571, when the European Christians met their common enemy, the Turk, and after a fierce engagement forced him back again to Constantinople. The young private soldier, though ill with fever, insisted on going on deck and being placed in a post of danger, where in that furious fight he received two wounds in the chest, and also lost for ever the use of his left hand. After this battle and some further service, Don John of Austria, who led the Christian forces, himself gave Cervantes letters of recommendation to the King of Spain, and he set sail for home with a soldier brother, doubtless full of high hopes.

But the way lay past Algiers, a dependency of Turkey, founded by the Moors expelled from Spain, and at that time a nest of pirates who lived by capturing Europeans and holding them to ransom. At one period they held 25,000 such prisoners at once, so that we need not wonder that our Church of England Litany has a special prayer for "prisoners and captives."

The long-oared galleys swept down upon the ship which was bearing home Miguel de Cervantes and his brother. The resistance was desperate but hopeless. The ship was seized, and Cervantes, among the others, fated to spend five years of his precious youth in slavery and chains.

The account given by his fellow-prisoners of his behaviour during this time is one of the most romantic stories ever told, but it is also true. The young Cervantes never lost faith, hope or cheerfulness. He kept up the spirits of his fellow-sufferers by a thousand devices, he suffered degrading and brutal treatment with dignity; and again and again he laid plans for escape which were on the verge of success when some betrayal ruined them. Once he hid fifteen captives in a cave and fed them for several months, only to be betrayed in the end by a faithless friend; on which he took all the blame on himself and begged that the others might remain unpunished. His fearless spirit seems even to have impressed the terrible viceroy, Hassan Pasha, for in spite of all Cervantes' efforts to escape he was never led to death or even subjected to the worst tortures, and Hassan is reported to have said, "Could I preserve myself against this maimed Spaniard, I should hold safe my Christians, my ships and my city."

At the very latest moment, when Cervantes, chained to the oar in Hassan's galley, was about to start for Constantinople and life-long slavery, his ransom (scraped together by his family) arrived, and he was set free, his brother having been ransomed earlier. He returned to Spain a free man, wiser far through suffering, but still full of hope and enthu-

siasm, and entirely without bitterness or self-pity. He tried at once, by writing, to arouse public sympathy for the wretched prisoners in Algiers, but all in vain; and to earn a living he was obliged to re-enter the army, and serve in Portugal and the Azores.

On his return he married a Spanish girl, and supported himself by writing and by taking what work he could find. For twenty years he struggled with poverty; he held various posts, and in one of them was employed in travelling about the country to buy stores for the Great Armada, then in preparation. In this kind of work he gained a great deal of useful knowledge about the country life of Spain and the travellers on the roads and in the inns, which he turned to good account when he wrote *Don Quixote*.

The First Part of this book, which at once brought him fame, but never any wealth, was published in 1605. It was founded on the idea of knightly chivalry which died out in England as gunpowder came into use, but lingered in Spain far longer than this. The struggle against the Moors had made it quite possible in Spain to keep up the profession of knighthood with all its ceremonies, and particularly the profession of knight-errantry, for there had been many wrongs to right, many oppressed to relieve, under the tyranny of the Moorish invader. And even though in Cervantes' day the figure of an armed knight was already out-of-date and unusual, the people of Spain were still eagerly reading or listening to tales of knightly romance, full of chivalrous encounters, giants, castles, lovely ladies and wicked enchanters, and very often believing them to be true.

Cervantes himself evidently loved these tales, and knew the more famous of them almost by heart. He wrote his own story of chivalry, of course, first and foremost to amuse his readers. But *Don Quixote* is far more than a mere skit or parody. It contains all the noble lessons of self-sacrifice, courage and honourable conduct, that chivalry had tried to teach to the world. To be "quixotic" may be thought

foolish and unnecessary by some people, but it can never be mean or cowardly or selfish.

La Mancha, in which the scene is laid, is the most barren part of Spain. The sun scorches it in summer, and in the winter cold winds sweep across it. The people are poor and ignorant, the roads dusty and treeless and the inns primitive. But through it ran the main roads from Madrid to Toledo, and also to Murcia, the great silk centre of Spain; so there were travellers in plenty, and a knight-errant might well hope to find adventure.

What is the magic after all in this simple story? A poor crazy knight, an absurd figure, long and lean, with his ridiculous armour and his scarecrow of a horse, travels abroad with his peasant squire, astride a humble ass. Most people would have made very little of it. But Cervantes had the power of finding everything interesting and nearly everything amusing, and he never despised anyone. More than this, he was a first-rate story-teller, and his book is full, while the tale goes easily along, of so many little details about people and things and places that we feel as if we were seeing everything for ourselves, and we get a better idea of life in Spain three hundred years ago than any history book could give us. Most wonderful of all, perhaps, Cervantes can make jokes, and excellent ones, without a trace of bitterness or unkindness. We laugh at all his characters, but we love them too. Don Quixote, for all his absurdities, never loses his dignity or forgets to act in accordance with his high and noble profession. Sancho, though a shrewd and wily peasant, shows an unfaltering devotion to his master, and a really touching affection for his beloved Dapple. Even the niece and the housekeeper combine with their bustling stupidity and ignorance a love for their master which shows itself, very naturally, in trying to make him do not what he wishes but what they think is best for him.

The Second Part of *Don Quixote* was published in 1615, ten years after the first. Unlike so many continuations of

books, it is quite as good as the beginning, and if we feel sad that the author will not let his hero live, we must remember that already, before Cervantes had finished his, some other writer had published a "Second Part of *Don Quixote*" entirely without permission, so that his real creator probably wished to make sure that no one should have the power of taking such a liberty again.

Cervantes himself did not long survive the completion of his greatest work. Though his fame had spread through Spain and beyond it, he was almost as poor as ever; but he was full of hope and full of ideas, and set to work at once to plan and write more books. He worked to the last, but ill-health overtook him and was too strong for him. "Farewell wit," he says in the preface to his last book, "farewell my pleasant fancies, farewell my many friends. Dying I carry with me the desire to see you all again with joy in the other life."

In Stratford-on-Avon, almost on the same day, there died the only writer of modern days whose fame could dim Cervantes'. To be valued second only to Shakespere is a worthy tribute to the man whose genius was capable of giving to us the immortal *Don Quixote*.

CHIEF DATES IN CERVANTES' LIFE

- 1547. Born.
- 1571. Battle of Lepanto.
- 1575. Captured by pirates.
- 1580. Ransomed.
- 1584. Married.
- 1605. Published first part *Don Quixote*.
- 1615. Published second part of *Don Quixote*.
- 1616. Died (April 23).

CHAPTER I.

IN a village of La Mancha, the name of which I purposely omit, there lived, not long ago, one of those gentlemen who usually keep a lance upon a rack, an old target, a lean horse, and a greyhound for coursing. A dish of boiled meat consisting of somewhat more beef than mutton, the fragments served up cold on most nights, an omelet on Saturdays, lentils on Fridays, and a small pigeon, by way of addition, on Sundays, consumed three-fourths of his income. The rest was laid out in a surtout of fine black cloth, a pair of velvet breeches¹⁰ for holidays, with slippers of the same; and on week days he prided himself in the very best of his own homespun cloth. His family consisted of an Housekeeper somewhat above forty, a Niece not quite twenty, and a lad for the field and the market, who both saddled the horse and handled the pruning-hook. The age of our gentleman bordered upon fifty years. He was of a robust constitution, spare-bodied, of a meagre visage, a very early riser, and a keen sportsman. It is said, that his surname was Quixada, or Quesada, for in this²⁰ there is some difference among the authors who have written upon this subject; though by probable conjectures it may be gathered that he was called Quixana. But this is of little importance to our story: let it

suffice, that in relating we do not swerve a jot from the truth.

You must know, then, that this gentleman, at times when he was idle, which was most part of the year, gave himself up to the reading of books of chivalry, with so much attachment and relish, that he almost forgot all the sports of the field, and even the management of his domestic affairs: and his curiosity and extravagant fondness herein arrived to such a pitch, 10 that he sold many acres of arable land to purchase books of Knight-errantry, and carried home all he could lay hands on of that kind.

And in fine, having quite lost his wits, he fell into one of the strangest conceits that ever entered into the head of any madman; which was, that he thought it expedient and necessary, as well for the advancement of his own reputation, as for the public good, that he should commence knight-errant, and wander through the world with his horse and arms, in quest of adven- 20 tures; and to put in practice whatever he had read to have been practised by knights-errant; redressing all kind of grievances, and exposing himself to danger on all occasions; that by accomplishing such enterprises he might acquire eternal fame and renown.

The first thing he did was to scour up a suit of armour, which had been his great-great-grandfather's, and, being mouldy and rust-eaten, had lain by many long years, forgotten in a corner. These he cleaned and furbished up the best he could: but he perceived they had one 30 grand defect, which was that, instead of a helmet, they had only a simple morion, or steel cap; but he dexterously supplied this want by contriving a sort of vizor of paste-

board, which, being fixed to the head-piece, gave it the appearance of a complete helmet. It is true, indeed, that, to try its strength, and whether it was proof against a cut, he drew his sword, and, giving it two strokes, undid in an instant what he had been a week in doing. But not altogether approving of his having broken it to pieces with so much ease, to secure himself from the like danger for the future, he made it over again, fencing it with small bars of iron within in such a manner that he rested satisfied of its strength ; and 10 without caring to make a fresh experiment on it, he approved and looked upon it as a most excellent helmet.

The next thing he did was to visit his steed ; and though his bones stuck out like the corners of a reel, he fancied that neither Alexander's Bucephalus, nor Cyd's Babieca, was equal to him. Four days was he considering what name to give him : and so, after sundry names devised and rejected, liked and disliked again, he concluded at last to call him Rozinante ; a name, in his opinion, lofty and sonorous, and at the 20 same time expressive of what he had been, when he was but a common steed, and before he had acquired his present superiority over all the steeds in the world.

Having given his horse a name so much to his satisfaction, he resolved to give himself one. This consideration took him up eight days more ; and at length he determined to call himself Don Quixote, from whence, as is said, the authors of this most true History conclude that his name was certainly Quixada, and not Quesada, as others would have it. But recollecting that the 30 valorous Amadis, not content with the simple appellation of Amadis, added thereto the name of his kingdom

and native country, in order to render it famous, and styled himself Amadis de Gaul; so he, like a good knight, did, in like manner, call himself Don Quixote de la Mancha; whereby, in his opinion, he set forth in a very lively manner his lineage and country, and did it due honour by taking his surname from thence

And now, his armour being furbished up, the morion converted into a perfect helmet, and both his steed and himself new-named, he persuaded himself that he
10 wanted nothing but to make choice of some lady to be in love with: for a knight-errant without a mistress was a tree without leaves or fruit, and a body without a soul. "If," said he, "for the punishment of my sins, or through my good fortune, I should chance to meet some giant, as is usual with knights-errant, and should overthrow him in fight, or cleave him asunder, or, in fine, vanquish and force him to yield, will it not be proper to have some lady to send him to, as a present; that, when he comes before her, he may kneel to her
20 sweet ladyship, and, with humble and submissive tone, accost her thus: 'Madam, I am the giant Caraculiambro, lord of the island Malindrania, whom the never-enough-to-be-praised Don Quixote de la Mancha has overcome in single combat, and has commanded to present myself before your ladyship, that your grandeur may dispose of me as you think proper.' " Oh! how did our good gentleman exult, when he had made this harangue, and, especially, when he had found out a person on whom to confer the title of his mistress; which, it is
30 believed, happened thus. Near the place where he lived there dwelt a very comely country lass, with whom he had formerly been in love; though, as it is supposed,

she never knew it, nor troubled herself about it. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo ; and her he pitched upon to be the lady of his thoughts : then, casting about for a name, which should have some affinity with her own, and yet incline towards that of a great lady or princess, he resolved to call her Dulcinea del Toboso, for she was born at that place : a name, to his thinking, harmonious, uncommon, and significant, like the rest he had devised for himself, and for all that belonged to him.

Without therefore making any one privy to his design, 10 or being seen by anybody, one morning before day, which was one of the hottest of the month of July, he armed himself cap-à-pie, mounted Rozinante, adjusted his ill-composed beaver, braced on his target, grasped his lance, and issued forth into the fields from a private door of his back-yard, with the greatest satisfaction and joy, to find with how much ease he had given a beginning to his honourable enterprise. But scarce was he got into the plain, when a terrible thought assaulted him, and such as had wellnigh made him 20 abandon his new undertaking ; for it came into his remembrance that he was not dubbed a knight, and that, according to the laws of chivalry, he neither could nor ought to enter the lists against any knight : and though he had been dubbed, still he must wear white armour, as a new knight, without any device on his shield, until he had acquired one by his prowess. These reflections staggered his resolution ; but his frenzy prevailing above any reason whatever, he purposed to get himself knighted by the first person he should meet, 30 in imitation of many others who had done the like, as he had read in the books which had occasioned his

madness. As to the white armour, he proposed to scour his own the first opportunity, in such sort, that it should be whiter than ermine : and herewith quieting his mind, he went on his way, following no other road than what his horse pleased to take ; believing that therein consisted the life and spirit of adventures.

He travelled all that day, and, toward the fall of night, his horse and he found themselves tired, and almost dead with hunger ; and looking round about
10 to see if he could discover some castle or shepherd's cottage to which he might retire, and relieve his extreme necessity, he perceived, not far from the road, an inn, towards which he made all the haste he could, and came up to it just as the day shut in. And as whatever our adventurer thought, saw, or imagined, seemed to him to be done and transacted in the manner he had read of, immediately, at sight of the inn, he fancied it to be a castle, with four turrets and battlements of refulgent silver, together with its draw-bridge, deep
20 moat, and all the appurtenances with which such castles are usually described. As he was making up to the inn, which he took for a castle, at some little distance from it he checked Rozinante by the bridle, expecting some dwarf to appear on the battlements, and give notice, by sound of trumpet, of the arrival of a knight at the castle. But finding they delayed, and that Rozinante pressed to get to the stable, he drew near to the inn door, and saw there two wenches, who seemed to him to be two beautiful damsels, or graceful ladies, who
30 were taking their pleasure at the castle gate.

With wondrous content he came up to the inn, and to the ladies, who, perceiving a man armed in that

manner with lance and buckler, were frightened, and began to run into the house. But Don Quixote, guessing at their fear by their flight, lifted up his pasteboard vizor, and discovering his withered and dusty visage, with courteous demeanour and grave voice, thus accosted them : " Fly not, ladies, nor fear any discourtesy ; for the order of knighthood, which I profess, permits me not to offer injury to any one, much less to virgins of such high rank as your presence denotes." The wenches stared at him, and with all the eyes they had were looking to find his face, which the scurvy beaver almost covered. But when they could not contain their violent laughter, Don Quixote began to grow angry, and said to them ; " Modesty well becomes the fair, and nothing is so foolish as excessive laughter, proceeding from a slight occasion : but I do not say this to disoblige you, or to cause you to discover any ill disposition towards me ; for mine is no other than to do you service." This language, which they did not understand, and the uncouth mien of our knight, increased their laughter, and his wrath : and things would have gone much farther, had not the inn-keeper come out at that instant (a man, who, by being very bulky, was inclined to be very peaceable), who, beholding such an odd figure all in armour, the pieces of which were so ill sorted, as were the bridle, lance, buckler, and corselet, could scarce forbear keeping the damsels company in the demonstrations of their mirth. But, being in some fear of a pageant equipped in so warlike a manner, he resolved to speak him fair, and therefore accosted him thus : " If your worship, signor cavalier, is in quest of a lodging, bating a bed, for in this inn there is none to be had, everything

else will be found here in great abundance." Don Quixote, perceiving the humility of the governor of the fortress, for such to him appeared the inn-keeper and the inn, answered : " Anything will serve me, Signor Castellano, for arms are my ornaments, and fighting my repose." The host replied : " If it be so, your worship's beds are hard rocks, and your sleep the being always awake ; and since it is so, you may venture to alight, being sure of finding in this poor hut sufficient cause
10 for not sleeping a whole twelvemonth, much more one single night." And so saying, he went and held Don Quixote's stirrup, who alighted with much difficulty and pains ; for he had not broken his fast all that day. He presently requested of the host to take especial care of his steed, for he was the best piece of horse-flesh that ever ate bread in the world. The inn-keeper viewed him, but did not think him so good as Don Quixote represented him to be, no, not by half ; and having set him up in the stable, he returned to see what his
20 guest would be pleased to order ; whom the damsels were unarming, for they were already reconciled to him ; and though they had taken off the back and breast pieces, they could not find out how to unlace his gorget, or take off the counterfeit beaver, which he had fastened in such a manner with green ribbands, that, there being no possibility of untying them, they must of necessity be cut ; which he would by no means consent to, and so he remained all that night with his helmet on, and was the strangest and most ridiculous
30 figure imaginable.

CHAPTER II.

THEY laid the cloth at the door of the inn for the sake of the fresh breeze ; and the landlord brought him some ill-watered and worse-boiled dried fish, and a loaf of bread, as black and mouldy as his armour : but it was matter of great laughter to see him eat ; for, having his helmet on, and the beaver up, he could not put anything into his mouth with his own hands, but somebody must do it for him ; and so one of the foresaid ladies performed this office. But to give him to drink was utterly impossible if the host had not bored a reed, 10 and, putting one end into his mouth, poured in the wine leisurely at the other : and all this he suffered patiently, rather than cut the lacings of his helmet.

But what gave him disturbance was, that he was not yet dubbed a knight ; thinking he could not lawfully undertake any adventure until he had first received the order of knighthood.

Accordingly he made an abrupt end of his short supper ; which done, he called the landlord, and shutting himself up with him in the stable, he fell upon his 20 knees before him, and said : “ I will never rise from this place, valorous knight, until your courtesy vouchsafes me a boon I mean to beg of you ; which will redound to your own honour, and to the benefit of

humankind." The host, seeing his guest at his feet, and hearing such expressions, stood confounded, gazing at him, and not knowing what to say; he then strove to raise him from the ground, but in vain, until he had promised to grant him the boon he requested. "I expected no less, Sir, from your great magnificence," answered Don Quixote; "and therefore know, that the boon I would request, and has been vouchsafed me by your liberality is, that you shall to-morrow morning
10 dub me a Knight; and this night in the chapel of your castle I will watch my armour: and to-morrow, as I have said, what I so earnestly desire shall be accomplished; that I may be duly qualified to wander through the four quarters of the world, in quest of adventures, for the relief of the distressed, as is the duty of chivalry, and of Knights-errant, whose hearts, like mine, are strongly bent on such achievements."

The host, who, as we have said, was an arch fellow, and had already entertained some suspicions of the
20 madness of his guest, was now, at hearing such expressions, thoroughly convinced of it; and, that he might have something to make sport with that night, he resolved to keep up the humour; and said to him, that he was certainly very much in the right in what he desired and requested, but that there was no chapel in his castle, in which to watch his armour, for it had been pulled down in order to be rebuilt: however, in cases of necessity, he knew it might be watched wherever he pleased, and that he might do it that night in a court
30 of the castle; and the next day, if it pleased God, the requisite ceremonies should be performed, in such manner that he should be dubbed a Knight, and so

effectually knighted, that no one in the world could be more so. He asked him also, whether he had any money about him? Don Quixote replied, he had not a farthing, having never read in the histories of Knights-errant that they carried any. To this the host replied, he was under a mistake; for, supposing it was not mentioned in the story, the authors thinking it superfluous to specify a thing so plain, and so indispensably necessary to be carried, as money and clean shirts, it was not therefore to be inferred that they had none: 10 and therefore he might be assured that all the Knights-errant, of whose actions there are such authentic histories, did carry their purses well lined for whatever might befall them, and that they carried also shirts, and a little box of ointment to heal the wounds they might receive, because there was not always one at hand to cure them in the fields and deserts where they fought, unless they had some sage enchanter for their friend, to assist them immediately, bringing some damsel or dwarf in a cloud through the air, with a 20 phial of water of such virtue, that, in tasting a drop of it, they should instantly become as sound and whole of their bruises and wounds, as if they had never been hurt: but that so long as they wanted this advantage, the Knights-errant of times past never failed to have their squires provided with money, and other necessary things, such as lint and salves, to cure themselves with: and when it happened that the said Knights had no squires, which fell out very rarely, they carried all these things behind them upon their horses, in a very small 30 wallet, hardly visible, as if it were something of greater importance; for were it not upon such an account,

this carrying of wallets was not currently admitted among Knights-errant: therefore he advised him, though he might command him as his godson, which he was to be very soon, that, from thenceforward, he should not travel without money, and without the aforesaid precautions; and he would find how useful they would be to him, when he least expected it. Don Quixote promised to follow his advice with all punctuality; and now order was presently given for performing the watch of the armour, in a large yard adjoining to the inn; and Don Quixote, gathering all the pieces of it together, laid them upon a cistern, that stood close to a well: and bracing on his buckler, and grasping his lance, with a solemn pace, he began to walk backward and forward before the cistern, beginning his parade just as the day shut in.

The host acquainted all that were in the inn with the frenzy of his guest, the watching of his armour, and the knighting he expected. They all wondered at so odd a kind of madness, and went out to observe him at a distance; and they perceived, that, with a composed air, he sometime continued his walk; at other times, leaning upon his lance, he looked wistfully at his armour, without taking off his eyes for a long time together. It was now quite night; but the moon shone with such a lustre, as might almost vie with his who lent it; so that whatever our new Knight did was distinctly seen by all the spectators.

While he was thus employed, one of the carriers, who inned there, had a mind to water his mules, and it was necessary first to remove Don Quixote's armour from off the cistern; who, seeing him approach, called to

him with a loud voice : “ Ho, there, whoever thou art, rash Knight, that approachest to touch the arms of the most valorous adventurer that ever girded sword, take heed what thou doest, and touch them not, unless thou wouldst leave thy life a forfeit for thy temerity.” The carrier troubled not his head with these speeches, though it had been better for him if he had, for he might have saved his carcase ; but, instead of that, taking hold of the straps, he tossed the armour a good distance from him ; which Don Quixote perceiving, he lifted 10 up his eyes to Heaven, and fixing his thoughts, as it seemed, on his mistress Dulcinea, he said : “ Assist me, dear Lady, in this first affront, offered to this breast, enthralled to thee ; let not thy favour and protection fail me in this first moment of danger.” And uttering these and the like ejaculations, he let slip his target, and lifting up his lance with both hands, gave the carrier such a blow on the head, that he laid him flat on the ground, in such piteous plight, that, had he seconded his blow, there would have been no need of a surgeon. 20 This done, he gathered up his armour, and walked backward and forward with the same gravity as at first.

Soon after, another carrier, not knowing what had happened, for still the first lay stunned, came out with the same intention of watering his mules ; and as he was going to clear the cistern, by removing the armour, Don Quixote, without speaking a word, or imploring anybody’s protection, again let slip his target, and, lifting up his lance, broke the second carrier’s head in 30 three or four places. All the people of the inn ran together at the noise, and the inn-keeper among the

rest : which Don Quixote perceiving, he braced on his target, and laying his hand on his sword, he said : “ O Queen of Beauty, the strength and vigour of my enfeebled heart, now is the time to turn the eyes of thy greatness towards this thy captived Knight, whom so prodigious an adventure at this instant awaits.” Hereby, in his opinion, he recovered so much courage, that, if all the carriers in the world had attacked him, he would not have retreated an inch. The comrades of those
10 that were wounded, for they now perceived them in that condition, began to let fly a shower of stones at Don Quixote ; who sheltered himself, the best he could, under his shield, and was afraid of stirring from the cistern, lest he should seem to abandon his armour. The host cried out to them to let him alone, for he had already told them he was mad, and that he would be acquitted as a madman, though he should kill them all. Don Quixote also cried out louder, calling them cowards and traitors, and the Lord of the castle a poltroon and
20 a base-born Knight for suffering Knights-errant to be treated in that manner ; and that, if he had received the order of knighthood, he would make him smart for his treachery : “ But for you, rascally and base scoundrels,” said he, “ I do not value you a straw : draw near, come on, and do your worst ; you shall quickly see the reward you are likely to receive of your folly and insolence.” This he uttered with so much vehemence and resolution, that he struck a terrible dread into the hearts of the assailants ; and, for this
30 reason, together with the landlord’s persuasions, they forbore throwing any more stones ; and he permitted the wounded to be carried off, and returned to the watch

of his armour with the same tranquillity and sedateness as before.

The host did not relish these pranks of his guest, and therefore determined to put an end to them by giving him the unlucky order of knighthood out of hand, before any farther mischief should ensue ; and so, coming up to him, he begged pardon for the rudeness those vulgar people had been guilty of, without his knowing anything of the matter ; however, he said, they had been sufficiently chastised for their rashness. He repeated to 10 him, that there was no chapel in that castle, neither was it necessary for what remained to be done ; for the whole stress of being dubbed a Knight lay in the blows on the neck and shoulders, as he had learned from the ceremonial of the order ; and that it might be effectually performed in the middle of a field : that he had already discharged all that belonged to the watching of the armour, which was sufficiently performed in two hours ; and much more, since he had been above four about it. All which Don Quixote believed, 20 and said, he was there ready to obey him ; and desired him to finish the business with the utmost despatch, because, if he should be assaulted again, and found himself dubbed a Knight, he was resolved not to leave a soul alive in the castle, except those he should command him to spare for his sake. The constable, thus warned, and apprehensive of what might be the event of this resolution, presently brought the book in which he entered the accounts of the straw and barley he furnished to the carriers ; and with the two above-said 30 damsels, and a boy carrying an end of candle before them, he came where Don Quixote was, whom he

commanded to kneel ; and reading in his manual, as if he had been saying some devout prayer, in the midst of the reading he lifted up his hand, and gave him a good blow on the nape of the neck, and after that, with his own sword, a handsome thwack on the shoulder, still muttering between his teeth, as if he was praying. This done, he ordered one of the ladies to gird on his sword, which she did with the most obliging freedom, and discretion too, of which not a little was needful
10 to keep them from bursting with laughter at every period of the ceremonies ; but, indeed, the exploits they had already seen our new Knight perform kept their mirth within bounds.

And thus the never-till-then-seen ceremonies being hastily despatched, Don Quixote, who was impatient to see himself on horseback, and sallying out in quest of adventures, immediately saddled Rozinante, and, embracing his host mounted ; and at parting said such strange things to him, acknowledging the favour of
20 dubbing him a knight, that it is impossible to express them. The host, to get him the sooner out of the inn, returned his compliments with no less flourishes, though in fewer words, and, without demanding anything for his lodging, wished him a good journey.

CHAPTER III.

IT was about break of day when Don Quixote issued forth from the inn, so satisfied, so gay, so blithe, to see himself knighted, that the joy thereof almost burst his horse's girths. But recollecting the advice of his host, concerning the necessary provisions for his undertaking, especially the articles of money and clean shirts, he resolved to return home, and furnish himself accordingly, and also provide himself with a squire : purposing to take into his service a certain country fellow of the neighbourhood, who was poor, and had children, yet 10 was very fit for the squirely office of chivalry. With this thought, he turned Rozinante towards his village ; who, as it were, knowing what his master would be at, began to put on with so much alacrity, that he hardly seemed to set his feet to the ground.

He came about midday to the centre of four roads, and presently it came into his imagination that the knights-errant, when they came to these cross-ways, set themselves to consider which of the roads they should take, and to imitate them, he stood still awhile ; and 20 at last after mature consideration he let go the reins, submitting his own will to be guided by that of his horse, who, following his first motion, took the direct road towards his stable. And having gone about two miles,

Don Quixote discovered a company of people who, as it afterwards appeared, were certain merchants of Toledo, going to buy silks in Murcia. There were six of them, and they came with their umbrellas and four servants on horseback, and three muleteers on foot. Scarce had Don Quixote espied them, when he imagined it must be some new adventure ; and to imitate as near as possibly he could the passages he had read in his books, he fancied this to be cut out on purpose for him
10 to achieve. And so, with a graceful deportment and intrepidity, he settled himself firm in the stirrups, grasped his lance, covered his breast with his target, and posting himself in the midst of the highway, stood waiting the coming up of those knights-errant, for such he already judged them to be. And when they were come so near as to be seen and heard, Don Quixote raised his voice, and with an arrogant air cried out : “ Let the whole world stand, if the whole world does not confess that there is not in the whole world a damsel
20 more beautiful than the Empress of la Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso ! ” The merchants stopped at the sound of these words, and to behold the strange figure of him who pronounced them ; and by one and the other they soon perceived the madness of the speaker. But they had a mind to stay and see what that confession meant which he required of them ; and one of them, who was somewhat of a wag, but withal very discreet, said to him : “ Signor Cavalier, we do not know who this good lady you mention may be ; let us
30 but see her, and if she is of so great beauty as you intimate, we will with all our hearts, and without any constraint, confess that truth you demand from us.”—

"Should I show her to you," replied Don Quixote, "where would be the merit in confessing a truth so notorious? The business is, that without seeing her you believe, confess, affirm, swear, and maintain it; and if not, I challenge you all to battle, proud and monstrous as you are: and whether you come on one by one, as the laws of chivalry require, or all together, as is the custom and wicked practice of those of your stamp, here I wait for you, confiding in the justice of my cause."

"Signor Cavalier," replied the merchant, "I beseech 10 your worship, in the name of all the princes here present, that we may not lay a burden upon our consciences by confessing a thing we never saw nor heard, that your worship would be pleased to show us some picture of this lady, though no bigger than a barley-corn; for we shall guess at the clue by the thread; and herewith we shall rest satisfied and safe, and your worship remain contented and pleased: nay, I verily believe we are already so far inclined to your side, that though her picture should represent her squinting with one eye, 20 and distilling vermilion and brimstone from the other, notwithstanding all this, to oblige you we will say whatever you please in her favour."—"There distils not, base scoundrels," answered Don Quixote, burning with rage, "there distils not from her what you say, but rather ambergris and civet among cotton; neither is she crooked nor humpbacked, but as straight as a spindle of Guadarrama; but you shall pay for the horrid blasphemy you have uttered against so transcendant a beauty as my mistress."

30

And so saying, with his lance couched, he ran at him who had spoken, with so much fury and rage, that if

good fortune had not ordered it that Rozinante stumbled and fell in the midst of his career, it had gone hard with the daring merchant. Rozinante fell, and his master



lay rolling about the field a good while, and endeavouring to rise, but in vain, so encumbered was he with his lance, target, spurs, and helmet, and with the weight of his antique armour. And while he was thus struggling to get up, and could not, he continued calling out :

“Fly not, ye dastardly rabble ; stay, ye race of slaves ; for it is through my horse’s fault, and not my own, that I lie here extended.” A muleteer of the company, not over good-natured, hearing the poor fallen gentleman vent such arrogancies, could not bear it without returning him an answer on his ribs ; and coming to him he took the lance, and, after he had broken it to pieces, with one of the splinters he so belaboured Don Quixote, that in spite of his armour he thrashed him to chaff. His masters cried out not to beat him so much, and to 10 leave him ; but the muleteer was provoked, and would not quit the game until he had quite spent the remainder of his choler ; and running for the other pieces of the lance, he finished the breaking them upon the poor fallen knight ; who, notwithstanding the tempest of blows that rained upon him, never shut his mouth, threatening heaven and earth and those assassins, for such they seemed to him. At length the fellow was tired, and the merchants went on their way, sufficiently furnished with matter of discourse concerning the poor 20 belaboured knight, who, when he found himself alone, tried again to raise himself ; but if he could not do it when whole and well, how should he when bruised and almost battered to pieces ? Yet still he thought himself a happy man, looking upon this as a misfortune peculiar to knights-errant, and imputing the whole to his horse’s fault ; nor was it possible for him to raise himself up, his whole body was so horribly bruised.

But finding that he was really not able to stir, he bethought himself of having recourse to his usual 30 remedy, which was to recollect some passage of his books ; and his frenzy instantly presented to his remem-

brance that of Valdovinos and the Marquis of Mantua, when Carloto left him wounded on the mountain; a story known to children, not unknown to youth, commended and credited by old men, and for all that no truer than the miracles of Mahomet. Now this example seemed to him as if it had been cast in a mould to fit the distress he was in, and so with signs of great bodily pain, he began to roll himself on the ground, and said with a faint tone what was said by the wounded Knight
10 of the Wood :—

“Where art thou, mistress of my heart,
Unconscious of thy lover’s smart?
Ah me! thou know’st not my distress,
Or thou art false and pitiless.” .

And in this manner he went on with the romance until he came to those verses where it is said; “O noble Marquis of Mantua, my uncle and lord by blood.” And it so happened that just as he came to that verse there passed by a countryman of his own village, and his
20 near neighbour, who had been carrying a load of wheat to the mill; who, seeing a man lying stretched on the earth, came up and asked him who he was and what ailed him, that he made such a doleful lamentation. Don Quixote believed he must certainly be the Marquis of Mantua, his uncle, and so returned him no answer, but went on with his romance, giving an account of his misfortune, just in the same manner as it is there recounted. The peasant stood confounded at hearing such extravagances, and taking off his visor, which was
30 beaten all to pieces, he wiped his face, which was covered with dust; and the moment he had done wiping it he knew him, and said, “Ah! Signor Quixada,” for so he

was called before he had lost his senses and was transformed from a sober gentleman to a knight-errant, "how came your worship in this condition?" But he answered out of his romance to whatever question he asked him.

The good man, seeing this, made a shift to take off his back and breast-piece to see if he had received any wound; but he saw no blood, nor sign of any hurt. Then he endeavoured to raise him from the ground, and with much ado set him upon his ass, as being the beast of easier carriage. He gathered together all the 10 arms, not excepting the broken pieces of the lance, and tied them upon Rozinante; and so, taking him by the bridle, and his ass by the halter, he went on toward his village, full of reflection at hearing the extravagances which Don Quixote uttered. And no less thoughtful was the knight, who, through the mere force of bruises and bangs, could scarce keep himself upon the ass, and ever and anon sent forth such groans as seemed to pierce the skies.

They reached the village about sunset; but the 20 peasant stayed until the night was a little advanced, that the people might not see the poor battered gentleman so scurvily mounted. When the hour he thought convenient was come, he entered the village, and arrived at Don Quixote's house, which he found all in an uproar. The priest and the barber of the place, who were Don Quixote's great friends, happened to be there, and the housekeeper was saying to them aloud: "What is your opinion, Signor Licentiate Pero Perez," for that was the priest's name, "of my master's misfortune? For neither 30 he nor his horse, nor the target, nor the lance, nor the armour, have been seen these six days past. Woe is

me ! I am verily persuaded, and it is as certainly true as I was born to die, that these cursed books of knight-errantry which he keeps, and is so often reading, have turned his brain. And now I think of it, I have often heard him say, talking to himself, that he would turn knight-errant, and go about the world in quest of adventures. The devil and Barabbas take all such books that have thus spoiled the finest understanding in all la Mancha." The niece joined with her, and said more-
10 over : " Know, master Nicholas," for that was the barber's name, " that it has often happened that my honoured uncle has continued poring on these confounded books of misventures two whole days and nights ; and then throwing the book out of his hand, he would draw his sword, and fence, back-stroke and fore-stroke, with the walls ; and when he was heartily tired would say he had killed four giants as tall as so many steeples, and that the sweat which ran from him, when weary, was the blood of the wounds he had
20 received in the fight : and then he would presently drink off a large jug of cold water, and be as quiet and well as ever, telling us that the water was a most precious liquor brought him by the sage Esquife, a great enchanter and his friend. But I take the blame of all this to myself, that I did not advertise you, gentlemen, of my dear uncle's extravagances before they were come to the height they now are, that you might have prevented them by burning all those cursed books, of which he has so great store, and which as justly deserve to be
30 committed to the flames as if they were heretical."—" I say the same," quoth the priest ; " and, in faith, to-morrow shall not pass without holding a public

inquisition against them, and condemning them to the fire, that they may no more minister occasion to those who read them to do what I fear my good friend has done."

All this the peasant overheard, and it confirmed the countryman in the belief of his neighbour's infirmity; and so he began to cry aloud: "Open the doors, gentlemen, to Signor Valdovinos and the Marquis of Mantua, who comes dangerously wounded." At hearing this they all came out, and, as some knew 10 their friend, and others their master and uncle, they all ran to embrace him, who was not yet alighted from the ass, for indeed he could not. "Forbear, all of you," he cried, "for I am sorely wounded through my horse's fault. Carry me to my bed, and if it be possible, send for the sage Urganda to search and heal my wounds."—"Look ye, in the devil's name," said the housekeeper immediately, "if my heart did not tell me right on which leg my master halted. Get upstairs, in God's name; for without the help of that same Urganda we 20 shall find a way to cure you ourselves. Cursed, say I again, and a hundred times cursed, be those books of knight-errantry that have brought your worship to this pass." They carried him presently to his chamber, and searching for his wounds, they found none at all; and he told them he was only bruised by a great fall he got with his horse Rozinante, as he was fighting with ten of the most prodigious and audacious giants that were to be found on the earth. "Ho, ho!" says the priest; "what, there are giants too in the dance? By my faith, 30 I shall set fire to them all before to-morrow night." They asked Don Quixote a thousand questions, and he

would answer nothing, but only desired something to eat and that they would let him sleep, which was what he stood most in need of. They did so, and the priest inquired particularly of the countryman in what condition he had found Don Quixote, who gave him an account of the whole, with the extravagances he had uttered both at the time of finding him and all the way home, which increased the licentiate's desire to do what he did the next day : which was to call on his friend,
10 master Nicholas the barber, with whom he came to Don Quixote's house.

CHAPTER IV.

WHILST Don Quixote still slept on, the priest asked the niece for the keys of the chamber where the books were, those authors of the mischief, and she delivered them with a very good will. They all went in, and the housekeeper with them. They found above a hundred volumes in folio, very well bound, besides a great many small ones. And no sooner did the housekeeper see them than she ran out of the room in great haste, and immediately returned with a pot of holy water and a bunch of hyssop, and said: "Signor Licentiate, take this and sprinkle 10 the room, lest some enchanter of the many these books abound with enchant us in revenge for what we intend to do in banishing them out of the world." The priest smiled at the housekeeper's simplicity, and ordered the barber to reach him the books one by one, that they might see what they treated of; for perhaps they might find some that might not deserve to be chastised by fire. "No," said the niece, "there is no reason why any of them should be spared, for they have all been mischief-makers. It will be best to fling them out of the window 20 into the court-yard, and make a pile of them and set fire to it, or else carry them into the back-yard, and there make a bonfire of them, and the smoke will offend nobody." The housekeeper said the same, so eagerly

did they both thirst for the death of those innocents. But the priest would not agree to that without first reading the titles at least.

While they were thus employed, Don Quixote began to call out aloud, saying, "Here valorous knights, here ye must exert the force of your valiant arms; for the courtiers begin to get the better of the tournament." This noise and outcry, to which they all ran, put a stop to all farther scrutiny of the books. When they came
10 to Don Quixote he was already got out of bed, and continued his outcries and ravings, with his drawn sword laying furiously about him, back-stroke and fore-stroke, being as broad awake as if he had never been asleep. They closed in with him, and laid him upon his bed by main force; and, after he was a little composed, turning himself to talk to the priest, he said, "Certainly, my Lord Archbishop Turpin, it is a great disgrace to us, who call ourselves the twelve peers, to let the knights-courtiers carry off the victory without
20 more opposition, after we, the adventurers, had gained the prize in the three preceding days."—"Say no more, good brother," said the priest; "it may be God's will to change our fortune, and what is lost to-day may be won to-morrow: mind your health for the present; for I think you must needs be extremely fatigued, if not sorely wounded."—"Wounded! no," said Don Quixote; "but bruised and battered I am for certain: but at present bring me some breakfast, for I know nothing will do me so much good; and let me alone
30 to revenge myself." They did so; they gave him some victuals, and he fell fast asleep again, and left them in fresh admiration at his madness.

That night the housekeeper set fire to, and burnt all the books that were in the yard, and in the house too : and some must have perished that deserved to be treasured up in perpetual archives ; but their fate, and the laziness of the scrutineer, would not permit it ; and in them was fulfilled the saying, " that the just sometimes suffer for the unjust." One of the remedies which the priest and barber prescribed at that time for their friend's malady was to alter his apartment and wall up the room where the books had been, that when he got 10 up he might not find them ; in hopes that the cause being removed, the effect might cease ; and that they should pretend that an enchanter had carried them away, room and all ; which was presently done accordingly. Within two days after, Don Quixote got up, and the first thing he did was to visit his books ; and not finding the room where he left it, he went up and down looking for it. He came to the place where the door used to be, and he felt with his hands, and stared about every way without speaking a word ; but after some 20 time he asked the housekeeper whereabouts the room stood where his books were. She, who was already well tutored what to answer, said to him : " What room, or what nothing does your worship look for ? There is neither room nor books in this house, for the devil himself has carried all away."—" It was not the devil," said the niece, " but an enchanter, who came one night upon a cloud, the day after your departure hence, and alighting from a serpent on which he rode, entered into the room, and I know not what he did 30 there ; but after some little time out he came, flying through the roof, and left the house full of smoke : and

when we went to see what he had been doing, we saw neither books nor room ; only we very well remember, both myself and mistress housekeeper here, that when the old thief went away he said with a loud voice that, for a secret enmity he bore to the owner of those books and of the room, he had done a mischief in this house which should soon be manifest. He told us also that he was called the sage Munniaton.”—“ Freston, he meant to say,” quoth Don Quixote. “ I know not,” answered
10 the housekeeper, “ whether his name be Freston or Friton ; all I know is, that it ended in *ton*.”—“ It doth so,” replied Don Quixote. “ He is a wise enchanter, a great enemy of mine, and bears me a grudge, because by his skill and learning he knows that in process of time I shall engage in single combat with a knight whom he favours, and shall vanquish him without his being able to prevent it ; and for this cause he endeavours to do me all the unkindness he can : but let him know from me it will be difficult for him to withstand or avoid
20 what is decreed by heaven.”—“ Who doubts of that ? ” said the niece. “ But, dear uncle, who puts you upon these squabbles ? Would it not be better to stay quietly at home, and not ramble about the world seeking for better bread than wheaten, and not considering that many go for wool and return shorn themselves ? ”—“ O dear niece,” answered Don Quixote, “ how little do you know of the matter ! Before they shall shear me, I will pluck and tear off the beards of all those who dare think of touching the tip of a single hair of mine.”
30 Neither of them would make any farther reply, for they saw his choler began to take fire. He stayed after this fifteen days at home, very quiet, without discovering

any symptom of an inclination to repeat his late frolics, in which time there passed very pleasant discourses between him and his two neighbours, the priest and the barber, he affirming that the world stood in need of nothing so much as knights-errant and the revival of chivalry. The priest sometimes contradicted him, and at other times acquiesced ; for had he not made use of this artifice there would have been no means left to bring him to reason.

In the meantime, Don Quixote tampered with a 10 labourer, a neighbour of his, and an honest man, if such an epithet may be given to one that is poor, but very shallow-brained. In short, he said so much, used so many arguments, and promised him such great matters, that the poor fellow resolved to sally out with him and serve him as his squire. Among other things, Don Quixote told him he should dispose himself to go with him willingly, because, some time or other, such an adventure might present that an island might be won in the turn of a hand, and he be left governor of it. 20 With these and the like promises, Sancho Panza, for that was the labourer's name, left his wife and children, and hired himself for a squire to his neighbour. Don Quixote presently cast about how to raise money, and by selling one thing and pawning another, and losing by all, he scraped together a tolerable sum. He fitted himself likewise with a buckler, which he borrowed of a friend ; and patching up his broken helmet the best he could, he acquainted his squire Sancho of the day and hour he intended to set out, that he might provide 30 himself with what he should find to be most needful. Above all, he charged him not to forget a wallet : and

Sancho said he would be sure to carry one, and that he intended also to take with him an ass he had, being a very good one, because he was not used to travel much on foot. As to the ass, Don Quixote paused a little, endeavouring to recollect whether any knight-errant had ever carried a squire mounted ass-wise; but no instance of the kind occurred to his memory. However, he consented that he should take his ass with him, purposing to accommodate him more honourably the
10 first opportunity, by dismounting the first discourteous knight he should meet. He provided himself also with shirts and what other things he could, conformably to the advice given him by the inn-keeper.

CHAPTER V.

ALL which being done and accomplished, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, without taking leave, the one of his wife and children, and the other of his housekeeper and niece, one night sallied out of the village unperceived by anyone ; and they travelled so hard, that by break of day they believed themselves secure of not being found, though search was made after them. Sancho Panza went riding upon his ass like any patriarch, with his wallet and leathern bottle, and with a vehement desire to find himself governor of the island which his master had promised him. Don Quixote happened to take the same route he had done in his first expedition through the plain of Montiel, which he passed over with less uneasiness than the time before ; for it was early in the morning, and the rays of the sun darting on them aslant gave them no disturbance. Now Sancho Panza said to his master : “ I beseech your worship, good Sir Knight-errant, that you forget not your promise concerning that same island ; for I shall know how to govern it, be it never so big.” To which Don Quixote answered : “ You must know, friend Sancho Panza, that it was a custom much in use among the knights-errant of old, to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms they conquered ; and I am deter-

mined that so laudable a custom shall not be lost for me. On the contrary, I resolve to outdo them in it : for they sometimes, and perhaps most times, stayed till their squires were grown old ; and when they were worn out in their service, and had undergone many bad days and worse nights, they gave them some title, as that of Count, or at least Marquis, of some valley or province, be it greater or less : but if you live and I live, before six days are ended, I may probably win
10 such a kingdom as may have others depending on it, as fit as if they were cast in a mould, for thee to be crowned king of one of them. And do not think this any extraordinary matter ; for things fall out to such knights by such unforeseen and unexpected ways that I may easily give thee more than I promise.”—“ So then,” answered Sancho Panza, “ if I were a king by some of those miracles you are pleased to mention, Mary Gutierrez, my crooked rib, would at least come to be a queen, and my children *infantas*.”—“ Who doubts
20 it ? ” answered Don Quixote. “ I doubt it,” replied Sancho Panza ; “ for I am verily persuaded, that if God were to rain down kingdoms upon the earth, none of them would sit well upon the head of Maria Gutierrez ; for you must know, Sir, she is not worth two farthings for a queen. The title of countess, God help her, would sit much better upon her.”—“ Recommend her to God, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “ and he will do what is best for her : but do thou have a care not to debase thy mind so low as to content thyself with being less
30 than a lord-lieutenant.”—“ Sir, I will not,” answered Sancho, “ especially having so great a man for my master as your worship, who will know how to give me

whatever is most fitting for me, and what you find me best able to bear."

As they were thus discoursing, they perceived some thirty or forty windmills that are in that plain; and as soon as Don Quixote espied them, he said to his squire: "Fortune disposes our affairs better than we ourselves could have desired. Look yonder, friend Sancho Panza, where you may discover somewhat more than thirty monstrous giants, with whom I intend to fight and take away all their lives; with whose spoils 10 we will begin to enrich ourselves; for it is lawful war, and doing God good service to take away so wicked a generation from off the face of the earth."—"What giants?" said Sancho Panza. "Those you see yonder," answered his master, "with those long arms; for some of them are wont to have them almost of the length of two leagues."—"Consider, Sir," answered Sancho, "that those which appear yonder are not giants, but windmills; and what seem to be arms are the sails, which, whirled about by the wind, make the millstone go."—"One 20 may easily see," answered Don Quixote, "that you are not versed in the business of adventures. They are giants; and if you are afraid, get aside and pray, whilst I engage with them in a fierce and unequal combat." And so saying, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, without minding the cries his squire sent after him, assuring him that those he went to assault were, without all doubt, windmills, and not giants. But he was so fully possessed that they were giants, that he neither heard the outcries of his squire Sancho, nor yet discerned what they were, 30 though he was very near them, but went on, crying out aloud: "Fly not, ye cowards and vile caitiffs; for it

is a single knight that assaults you ! ” Now the wind rose a little, and the great sails began to move : which Don Quixote perceiving, he said : “ Well, though you should move more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay for it.”

And so saying, and recommending himself devoutly to his Lady Dulcinea, beseeching her to succour him in the present danger, being well covered with his buckler, and setting his lance in the rest, he rushed on
10 as fast as Rozinante could gallop, and attacked the first mill before him ; and running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with so much violence that it broke the lance to shivers, dragging horse and rider after it, and tumbling them over and over on the plain in very evil plight. Sancho Panza hastened to his assistance as fast as his ass could carry him ; and when he came up to him, he found him not able to stir, so violent was the blow he and Rozinante had received in falling. “ God save me,” quoth Sancho, “ did not
20 I warn you to have a care of what you did, for that they were nothing but windmills, and nobody could mistake them but one that had the like in his head ? ” — “ Peace, friend Sancho,” answered Don Quixote ; “ for matters of war are of all others most subject to continual mutations. Now I verily believe, and it is most certainly so, that the sage Freston, who stole away my chamber and books, has metamorphosed these giants into windmills, on purpose to deprive me of the glory of vanquishing them, so great is the enmity he bears me. But when
30 he has done his worst, his wicked arts will avail but little against the goodness of my sword.” “ God grant it as he can,” answered Sancho Panza ; and helping him

to rise, he mounted him again upon Rozinante, who was half shoulder-slipped.

And discoursing of the late adventure, they followed the road that led to the pass of Lapice, for there Don Quixote said they could not fail to meet with many and various adventures, it being a great thoroughfare. "God's will be done," quoth Sancho; "I believe all just as you say, Sir; but pray set yourself upright in your saddle; for you seem to me to ride sideling, occasioned, doubtless, by your being so sorely bruised by 10 the fall."—"It is certainly so," answered Don Quixote; "and if I do not complain of pain, it is because knights-errant are not allowed to complain of any wound whatever."—"If it be so, I have nothing to reply," answered Sancho; "but God knows, I should be glad to hear your worship complain when anything ails you. As for myself, I must complain of the least pain I feel, unless this business of not complaining be understood to extend to the squires of knights-errant." Don Quixote could not forbear smiling at the simplicity of his squire, 20 and told him he might complain whenever and as much as he pleased, with or without cause, having never yet read anything to the contrary in the laws of chivalry.

Sancho put him in mind that it was time to dine. His master answered, that at present he had no need; but that he might eat whenever he thought fit. With this licence Sancho adjusted himself the best he could upon his beast, and taking out what he carried in his wallet, he jogged on eating behind his master very leisurely, and now and then lifted the bottle to his mouth 30 with so much relish, the best-fed victualler of Malaga might have envied him. And whilst he went on in this

manner, repeating his draughts, he thought no more of the promises his master had made him ; nor did he think it any toil, but rather a recreation, to go in quest of adventures, though never so perilous. In short, they passed that night among some trees, and from one of them Don Quixote tore a withered branch, that might serve him in some sort for a lance, and fixed it to the iron head or spear of that which was broken. All that night Don Quixote slept not a wink, ruminating on his
10 Lady Dulcinea, in conformity to what he had read in his books where the knights are wont to pass many nights together without closing their eyes, in forests and deserts, entertaining themselves with the remembrance of their mistresses. Not so did Sancho pass the night ; whose stomach being full, and not of dandelion-water, he made but one sleep of it : and, if his master had not roused him, neither the beams of the sun that darted full in his face, nor the melody of the birds, which in great numbers most cheerfully saluted the
20 approach of the new day, could have awakened him. On rising up, he took a swig at his bottle, and found it much lighter than the evening before, which grieved his very heart, for he did not think they were in the way to remedy that defect very soon. Don Quixote would not break his fast ; for, as it is said, he resolved to subsist upon savoury remembrances.

They returned to the way they had entered upon the day before toward the pass of Lapice, which they discovered about three in the afternoon. " Here," said
30 Don Quixote, espying it, " brother Sancho Panza, we may thrust our hands up to the elbows in what they call adventures ; but take this caution with you, that,

though you should see me in the greatest peril in the world, you must not lay your hand to your sword to defend me ; unless you see that they who assault me are vile mob and mean scoundrels : in that case you may assist me : but if they should be knights, it is no wise lawful nor allowed by the laws of chivalry, that you should intermeddle until you are dubbed a Knight.”

—“ I assure you, Sir,” answered Sancho, “ your worship shall be obeyed most punctually herein ; and the rather because I am naturally very peaceable, and an enemy ¹⁰ to thrusting myself into wrangles and squabbles ; but for all that, as to what regards the defence of my own person, I shall make no great account of those same laws, since both divine and human allow every one to defend himself against all who would annoy him.”—

“ I say no less,” answered Don Quixote ; “ but in the business of assisting me against knights, you must restrain and keep in your natural impetuosity ”—“ I say I will do so,” answered Sancho ; “ and I will observe this precept as religiously as the Lord’s Day.” 20

CHAPTER VI.

As they were thus discoursing, there appeared in the road two monks of the order of St. Benedict, mounted upon two dromedaries, for the mules whereon they rode were not much less. They wore travelling masks and umbrellas. Behind them came a coach, and four or five men on horseback, who accompanied it, with two muleteers on foot. There was in the coach, as it was afterwards known, a certain Biscaine lady going to Seville to her husband ; who was there ready to embark for
10 the Indies, in a very honourable post. The monks came not in her company, though they were travelling the same road. But scarcely had Don Quixote espied them, when he said to his squire, " Either I am deceived or this is likely to prove the most famous adventure that ever was seen ; for those black bulks that appear yonder must be, and without doubt are, enchanters, who are carrying away some princess, whom they have stolen, in that coach ; and I am obliged to redress this wrong to the utmost of my power."—" This may prove a worse
20 job than the windmills," said Sancho : " pray, Sir, take notice, that those are Benedictine Monks, and the coach must belong to some travellers. Pray hearken to my advice, and have a care what you do, and let not the devil deceive you."—" I have already told you, Sancho,"

answered Don Quixote, "that you know little of the business of adventures: what I say is true, and you will see it presently." And so saying, he advanced forward, and planted himself in the midst of the highway by which the monks were to pass; and when they were so near, that he supposed they could hear what he said, he cried out with a loud voice, "Diabolical and monstrous race, either instantly release the high-born princesses whom you are carrying away in that coach against their wills, or prepare for instant death, as the just chastisement of your wicked deeds." The monks stopped their mules, and stood admiring, as well at the figure of Don Quixote as at his expressions; to which they answered, "Signor Cavalier, we are neither diabolical nor monstrous, but a couple of religious of the Benedictine order who are travelling on our own business, and are entirely ignorant whether any princesses are carried away by force in that coach or not."—"Soft words do nothing with me; for I know ye, treacherous scoundrels," said Don Quixote; and without staying for any other reply, 10 he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and, with his lance couched, ran at the foremost monk with such fury and resolution, that, if he had not slid down from his mule, he would have brought him to the ground in spite of his teeth, and wounded to boot, if not killed outright.

The second religious seeing his comrade treated in this manner, clapped spurs to his mule's sides, and began to scour along the plain lighter than the wind itself. Sancho Panza seeing the monk on the ground, leaped nimbly from his ass, and running to him began 20 to take off his habit. In the meanwhile, the monk's two lacqueys coming up asked him why he was stripping

their master of his clothes ? Sancho answered, that they were his lawful perquisites, as being the spoils of the battle which his lord Don Quixote had just won. The lacqueys, who did not understand raillery, nor what was meant by spoils or battles, seeing Don Quixote at a distance talking with those in the coach, fell upon Sancho, and threw him down, and, leaving him not a hair in his beard, gave him a hearty kicking, and left him stretched on the ground, breathless and senseless ;

10 and, without losing a minute, the monk got upon his mule again, trembling, and terribly frightened, and as pale as death ; and no sooner was he mounted, but he spurred after his companion, who stood waiting at a good distance to see what would be the issue of that strange encounter ; but being unwilling to wait the event they went on their way, crossing themselves oftener than if the devil had been close at their heels. Don Quixote, as was said, stood talking to the lady in the coach, saying, “ Your beauty, dear lady, may

20 dispose of your person as pleaseth you best ; for your haughty foes lie prostrate on the ground, overthrown by my invincible arm ; and that you may not be at any pains to learn the name of your deliverer, know that I am called Don Quixote de la Mancha, Knight-errant and Adventurer, and captive to the peerless and beauteous Dulcinea del Toboso ; and, in requital of the benefit you have received at my hands, all I desire is, that you would return to Toboso, and, in my name, present yourselves before that lady, and tell her what

30 I have done to obtain your liberty.”

All that Don Quixote said was overheard by a certain squire who accompanied the coach, a Biscainer ; who,

finding he would not let the coach go forward, but insisted upon its immediately returning to Toboso, flew at Don Quixote, and, taking hold of his lance, addressed him, in bad Castilian, and worse Biscaine, after this manner : “ Begone, cavalier, and the devil go with thee : I swear by the God that made me, if thou dost not quit the coach, thou forfeitest thy life, as I am a Biscainer.” Don Quixote understood him very well, and with great calmness answered, “ Wert thou a gentleman, as thou art not, I would before now have chastised thy folly 10 and presumption, thou pitiful slave.” To which the Biscainer replied, “ I no gentleman ! I swear by the great God thou liest, as I am a Christian ; if thou wilt throw away thy lance, and draw thy sword, thou shalt see I will make no more of thee than a cat does of a mouse. Biscainer by land, gentleman by sea, gentleman for the devil, and thou liest : look then, if thou hast anything else to say.”—“ Thou shalt see that presently,” answered Don Quixote : and throwing down his lance, he drew his sword, and grasping his buckler, set upon 20 the Biscainer with a resolution to kill him. The Biscainer, seeing him come on in that manner, though he would fain have alighted from his mule, which, being of the worst kind of hacknies, was not be depended upon, had yet only time to draw his sword ; but it happened well for him that he was close to the coach side, out of which he snatched a cushion, which served him for a shield ; and immediately to it they went, as if they had been mortal enemies. The rest of the company would have made peace between them ; but they could 30 not, for the Biscainer swore, in his gibberish, that if they would not let him finish the combat, he would kill

his mistress and everybody that offered to hinder him. The lady of the coach, amazed and affrighted at what she saw, bid the coachman put a little out of the way, and so sat at a distance, beholding the rigorous conflict : in the progress of which, the Biscainer gave Don Quixote such a huge stroke on one of his shoulders and above his buckler, that, had it not been for his coat of mail, he had cleft him down to the girdle. Don Quixote feeling the weight of that unmeasureable blow, cried out
10 aloud, saying, " O lady of my soul, Dulcinea, flower of all beauty, succour this thy knight, who to satisfy thy great goodness, exposes himself to this rigorous extremity." The saying this, the drawing his sword, the covering himself well with his buckler, and falling furiously on the Biscainer, were all done in one moment, he resolving to venture all on the fortune of one single blow. The Biscainer, who saw him coming thus upon him, and perceived his bravery by his resolution, resolved to do the same thing that Don Quixote had done ; and
20 so he waited for him, covering himself well with his cushion, but was not able to turn his mule about to the right or the left, she being already so jaded, and so little used to such sport that she would not stir a step.

The first who discharged his blow was the choleric Biscainer ; which fell with such force and fury, that if the edge of the sword had not turned aslant by the way, that single blow had been enough to have put an end to this cruel conflict, and to all the adventures of our knight ; but good fortune that preserved him for greater
30 things, so twisted his adversary's sword, that though it alighted on the left shoulder, it did him no other hurt than to disarm that side, carrying off by the way

a great part of his helmet with half an ear ; all which with hideous ruin fell to the ground, leaving him in a piteous plight.

Good God ! who is he that can worthily recount the rage that entered into the breast of our Manchegan, at seeing himself so roughly handled ? Let it suffice that it was such, that he raised himself afresh in his stirrups, and grasping his sword faster in both hands, discharged it with such fury upon the Biscainer, taking him full upon the cushion and upon the head, which he could 10 not defend, that, as if a mountain had fallen upon him, the blood began to gush out at his nostrils, his mouth, and his ears ; and he seemed as if he was just falling down from his mule, which doubtless he must have done if he had not laid fast hold of her neck : but notwithstanding that, he lost his stirrups and let go his hold ; and the mule, frightened by the terrible stroke, began to run about the field, and at two or three plunges laid her master flat upon the ground. Don Quixote stood looking on with great calmness, and when he saw 20 him fall, leaped from his horse and ran with much agility up to him, and clapping the point of his sword to his eyes, bid him yield or he would cut off his head. The Biscainer was so stunned that he could not answer a word ; and it had gone hard with him, so blinded with rage was Don Quixote, if the ladies of the coach, who hitherto in great dismay beheld the conflict, had not approached him, and earnestly besought him that he would do them the great kindness and favour to spare the life of their squire. Don Quixote answered with 30 much solemnity and gravity : “ Assuredly, fair ladies, I am very willing to grant your request, but it is upon

a certain condition and compact ; which is, that this knight shall promise me to repair to the town of Toboso, and present himself as from me before the peerless Dulcinea, that she may dispose of him as she shall think fit." The terrified and disconsolate lady, without considering what Don Quixote required, and without inquiring who Dulcinea was, promised him her squire should perform whatever he enjoined him. " In reliance upon this promise," said Don Quixote, " I will do him
10 no farther hurt, though he has well deserved it at my hands."

CHAPTER VII.

By this time Sancho Panza had got upon his legs, somewhat roughly handled by the monk's lacqueys, and stood beholding very attentively the combat of his master Don Quixote, and besought God in his heart that he would be pleased to give him the victory, and that he might thereby win some island of which to make him governor as he had promised him. Now seeing the conflict at an end, and that his master was ready to mount again upon Rozinante, he came and held his stirrup; and before he got up he fell upon his knees 10 before him, and taking hold of his hand, kissed it, and said to him: "Be pleased, my Lord Don Quixote, to bestow upon me the government of that island which you have won in this rigorous combat: for, be it never so big, I find in myself ability sufficient to govern it as well as the best he that had ever governed an island in the world." To which Don Quixote answered: "Consider, brother Sancho, that this adventure and others of this nature, are not adventures of islands, but of cross-ways, in which nothing is to be gotten but a broken 20 head or the loss of an ear. Have patience: for adventures will offer whereby I may not only make thee a governor, but something better." Sancho returned him abundance of thanks, and kissing his hand again, and

the skirt of his coat of mail, he helped him to get upon Rozinante, and, himself mounting his ass, began to follow his master ; who going off at a round rate, without taking his leave or speaking to those of the coach, entered into a wood that was hard by.

Sancho followed him as fast as his beast could trot ; but Rozinante made such way, that seeing himself like to be left behind, he was forced to call aloud to his master to stay for him. Don Quixote did so, checking
10 Rozinante by the bridle until his weary squire overtook him ; who, as soon as he came near, said to him : “ Methinks, Sir, it would not be amiss to retire to some church ; for considering in what condition you have left your adversary, it is not improbable they may give notice of the fact to the holy brotherhood, and they may apprehend us : and in faith if they do, before we get out of their clutches we may chance to sweat for it.”—“ Peace,” quoth Don Quixote ; “ for where have you ever seen or read of a knight-errant’s being brought
20 before a court of justice, let him have committed never so many homicides ? ”—“ I know nothing of your Omecils,” answered Sancho, “ nor in my life have I ever concerned myself about them : only this I know, that the holy brotherhood have something to say to those who fight in the fields ; and as to this other matter, I intermeddle not in it.”—“ Set your heart at rest, friend,” answered Don Quixote ; “ for I should deliver you out of the hands of the Chaldeans : how much more out of those of the holy brotherhood ! But
30 tell me, on your life, have you ever seen a more valourous knight than I upon the whole face of the known earth ? Have you read in story of any other who has or ever

had more bravery in assailing, more breath in holding out, more dexterity in wounding, or more address in giving a fall ?"—“The truth is,” answered Sancho, “that I never read any history at all ; for I can neither read nor write : but what I dare affirm is, that I never served a bolder master than your worship in all the days of my life ; and pray God we be not called to an account for these darings where I just now said. What I beg of your worship is, that you would let your wound be dressed, for there comes a great deal of blood from 10 that ear : and I have here some lint and a little white ointment in my wallet.”—“All this would have been needless,” answered Don Quixote, “if I had bethought myself of making a phial of the balsam of Fierabras ; for with one single drop of that we might have saved both time and medicines.”—“What phial and what balsam is that ?” said Sancho Panza. “It is a balsam,” answered Don Quixote, “of which I have the receipt by heart ; and he that has it need not fear death, nor so much as think of dying by any wound. And, there- 20 fore, when I shall have made it and given it you, all you will have to do is, when you see me in some battle cleft asunder, as it frequently happens, to take up fair and softly that part of my body which shall fall to the ground, and with the greatest nicety, before the blood is congealed, place it upon the other half that shall remain in the saddle, taking especial care to make them tally exactly. Then must you immediately give me to drink only two draughts of the balsam aforesaid, and then will you see me become sounder than any apple.” 30 —“If this be so,” said Sancho, “I renounce from henceforward the government of the promised island, and

desire no other thing in payment of my many and good services but only that your worship will give me the receipt of this extraordinary liquor ; for I dare say it will anywhere fetch more than two reals an ounce, and I want no more to pass this life creditably and comfortably. But I should be glad to know whether it will cost much in the making ? ” — “ For less than three reals one may make nine pints,” answered Don Quixote.

“ Sinner that I am,” replied Sancho, “ why then does
10 your worship delay to make it and to teach it me ? ”
— “ Peace, friend,” answered Don Quixote ; “ for I intend to teach thee greater secrets, and to do thee greater kindnesses : and for the present let us see about the cure ; for my ear pains me more than I could wish.”

Sancho took some lint and ointment out of his wallet ; but when Don Quixote perceived that his helmet was broken he was ready to run stark mad ; and laying his hand on his sword, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, he said : “ I swear by the Creator of all things, and by
20 all that is contained in the four holy evangelists, to lead the life that the great Marquis of Mantua led, when he vowed to revenge the death of his nephew Valdovinos ; which was, not to eat bread on a table-cloth and other things which I do not remember, until I am fully revenged on him who hath done me this outrage.” Sancho hearing this, said to him : “ Pray consider, Signor Don Quixote, that if the knight has performed what was enjoined him, namely, to go and present himself before my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso,
30 he will then have done his duty, and deserves no new punishment, unless he commits a new crime.” — “ You have spoken and remarked very justly,” answered Don

Quixote, "and I annul the oath so far as concerns the taking a fresh revenge ; but I make it, and confirm it anew, as to leading the life I have mentioned, until I shall take by force such another helmet, or one as good, from some other knight. And think not, Sancho, I undertake this lightly, or make a smoke of straw : I know what example I follow therein ; for the same thing happened exactly with regard to Mambrino's helmet, which cost Sacripante so dear."—"Good Sir," replied Sancho, "give such oaths to the devil ; for they 10 are very detrimental to health, and prejudicial to the conscience. Besides, pray tell me, if perchance in many days we should not light upon a man armed with a helmet, what must we do then ? must the oath be kept in spite of so many difficulties and inconveniences, such as sleeping in your clothes, and not sleeping in any inhabited place, and a thousand other penances contained in the oath of that mad old fellow the Marquis of Mantua, which you, Sir, would now revive ? Consider well, that none of these roads are frequented by armed 20 men, and that here are only carriers and carters who are so far from wearing helmets, that perhaps they never heard them so much as named in all the days of their lives."—"You are mistaken in this," said Don Quixote ; "for we shall not be two hours in these cross-ways before we shall see more armed men than came to the siege of Albraca to carry off Angelica the fair."—"Well then, be it so," quoth Sancho ; "and God grant us good success, and that we may speedily win this island which costs me so dear ; and then no matter how soon I die." 30 —"I have already told you, Sancho, to be in no pain upon that account. Let us leave this to its own time,

and see if you have anything for us to eat in your wallet ; and we will go presently in quest of some castle where we may lodge this night, and make the balsam that I told you of ; for I vow to God my ear pains me very much.”—“ I have here an onion and a piece of cheese, and I know not how many crusts of bread,” said Sancho ; “ but they are not eatables fit for so valiant a knight as your worship.”—“ How ill you understand this matter ! ” answered Don Quixote :
10 “ you must know, Sancho, that it is an honour to knights-errant not to eat in a month ; and if they do eat, it must be of what comes next in hand : and if you had read as many histories as I have done you would have known this : for though I have perused a great many, I never yet found any account given in them that ever knights-errant did eat, unless it were by chance, and at certain sumptuous banquets made on purpose for them ; and the rest of their days they lived as it were upon their smelling. And though it is
20 to be presumed they could not subsist without eating, it must likewise be supposed that as they passed most part of their lives in wandering through forests and deserts, and without a cook, their most usual diet must consist of rustic viands, such as those you now offer me. So that, friend Sancho, let not that trouble you which gives me pleasure ; nor endeavour to make a new world, or to throw knight-errantry off its hinges.”
—“ Pardon me, Sir,” said Sancho ; “ for as I can neither read nor write, as I told you before, I am entirely
30 unacquainted with the rules of the knightly profession ; and from henceforward I will furnish my wallet with all sorts of dried fruits for your worship, who are a

knight: and for myself, who am none, I will supply it with poultry and other things of more substance.”—“I do not say, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “that knights-errant are obliged to eat nothing but dried fruit, as you say; but that their most usual sustenance was of that kind, and of certain herbs they found up and down in the fields, which they very well knew; and so do I.”—“It is a happiness to know these same herbs,” answered Sancho; “for I am inclined to think we shall one day have occasion to make use of that 10 knowledge.”

And so saying, he took out what he had provided, and they ate together in a very peaceable and friendly manner. But being desirous to seek out some place to lodge in that night, they soon finished their poor and dry commons. They presently mounted, and made what haste they could to get to some inhabited place before night: but both the sun and their hopes failed them near the huts of certain goatherds; and so they determined to take up their lodging there. But if 20 Sancho was grieved that they could not reach some habitation, his master was as much rejoiced to lie in the open air, making account that every time this befell him he was doing such an act as gave a fresh evidence of his title to chivalry.

He was kindly received by the goatherds; and Sancho, having accommodated Rozinante and his ass the best he could, followed the scent of certain pieces of goat's flesh that were boiling in a kettle on the fire; and though he would willingly at that instant have tried 30 whether they were fit to be translated from the kettle to the stomach, he forebore doing it; for the goatherds

themselves took them off the fire, and spreading some sheep-skins on the ground, very speedily served up their rural mess, and invited them both, with show of much good-will, to take share of what they had. Six of them that belonged to the fold sat down round about the skins, having first with rustic compliments desired Don Quixote to seat himself upon a trough with the bottom upwards, placed on purpose for him. Don Quixote sat down, and Sancho remained standing to
10 serve the cup, which was made of horn. His master seeing him standing, said to him, "That you may see, Sancho, the intrinsic worth of knight-errantry, and how fair a prospect its meanest retainers have of speedily gaining the respect and esteem of the world, I desire that you sit here by my side, in company with these good folks, and that you be one and the same thing with me, who am your master and natural lord; that you eat from off my plate, and drink of the same cup in which I drink: for the same may be said of knight-errantry
20 which is said of love, that it makes all things equal."—"I give you a great many thanks, Sir," said Sancho; "but let me tell your worship, that provided I have victuals enough I can eat as well or better, standing and alone by myself, than if I were seated close by an emperor. And farther, to tell you the truth, what I eat in my corner without compliments or ceremonies, though it were nothing but bread and an onion, relishes better than turkeys at other folks' tables, where I am forced to chew leisurely, drink little. wipe my mouth
30 often, neither sneeze nor cough when I have a mind, nor do other things which follow the being alone and at liberty. So that, good Sir, as to these honours your

worship is pleased to confer upon me as a menial servant and hanger-on of knight-errantry, being squire to your worship, be pleased to convert them into something of more use and profit to me : for though I place them to account as received in full, I renounce them from this time forward to the end of the world.”—“ Notwithstanding all this,” said Don Quixote, “ you shall sit down ; for whosoever humbleth himself, God doth exalt ” ; and pulling him by the arm, he forced him to sit down next him. The goatherds did not understand 10 this jargon of squires and knights-errant, and did nothing but eat, and listen, and stare at their guests, who with much cheerfulness and appetite, swallowed down pieces as big as one’s fist. The service of flesh being finished, they spread upon the skins a great quantity of acorns, together with half a cheese, harder than if it had been made of plaster of Paris. The horn stood not idle all this while ; for it went round so often, now full, now empty, like the bucket of a well, that they presently emptied one of the two wine-bags that hung in view. 20

Don Quixote spent more time in talking than in eating, but Sancho was silent, stuffing himself with acorns, and often visiting the second wine-bag, which, that the wine might be cool, was kept hung upon a cork-tree. And supper over, he said to his master : “ Sir, you had better consider where you are to lie to-night.”—“ Lie down where you will,” replied Don Quixote, “ for it better becomes those of my profession to watch than to sleep. However, it would not be amiss, Sancho, if you would dress this ear again ; for it pains 30 me more than it should.” Sancho did what he was commanded ; and one of the goatherds seeing the hurt

bid him not be uneasy, for he would apply such a remedy as should quickly heal it. And taking some rosemary leaves, of which there was plenty hereabouts, he chewed them and mixed them with a little salt, and laying them to the ear, bound them on very fast, assuring him he would want no other salve ; and so it proved.

CHAPTER VIII.

[ON the following morning Don Quixote bids farewell to the goatherds, and sets out with Sancho in search of further adventures. They ride on, talking by the way.]

Don Quixote and his squire went on thus conferring together, when Don Quixote perceived on the road they were in a great and thick cloud of dust coming towards them ; and seeing it, he turned to Sancho, and said : “ This is the day, O Sancho, in which will be seen the good that fortune has in store for me. This is the day, I say, in which will appear as much as in any the strength ¹⁰ of my arm ; and in which I shall perform such exploits as shall remain written in the book of fame to all succeeding ages. Seest thou yon cloud of dust, Sancho ? It is raised by a prodigious army of divers and innumerable nations, who are on the march this way.”—“ By this account there must be two armies,” said Sancho ; “ for on this opposite side there arises such another cloud of dust.” Don Quixote turned to view it, and seeing it was so, rejoiced exceedingly, taking it for granted they were two armies coming to engage in the midst of that ²⁰ spacious plain : for at all hours and moments his imagination was full of the battles, enchantments, adventures, extravagances, and challenges, which he

found in the books of chivalry ; and whatever he said, thought, or did, had a tendency that way. Now the cloud of dust he saw was raised by two great flocks of sheep going the same road from different parts, and the dust hindered them from being seen until they came near. But Don Quixote affirmed with so much positiveness that they were armies, that Sancho began to believe it, and said : “ Sir, what then must we do ? ”—“ What,” replied Don Quixote, “ but favour and assist the weaker
10 side ? Now you must know, Sancho, that the army which marches towards us in front, is led and commanded by the great Emperor Alifanfaron, lord of the great island of Taprobana : this other which marches behind us is that of his enemy, the king of the Garamantes, Pentapolin of the Naked Arm ; for he always enters into the battle with his right arm bare.”—“ But why do these two princes hate one another so ? ” demanded Sancho. “ They hate one another,” answered Don Quixote, “ because this Alifanfaron is a furious
20 pagan, and is in love with the daughter of Pentapolin, who is a most beautiful and superlatively graceful lady, and a Christian ; and her father will not give her in marriage to the pagan king, unless he will first renounce the religion of his false prophet Mahomet, and turn Christian.”—“ By my beard,” said Sancho, “ Pentapolin is in the right ; and I am resolved to assist him to the utmost of my power.”—“ In so doing, you will do your duty, Sancho,” said Don Quixote ; “ for in order to engage in such fights, it is not necessary to be dubbed
30 a knight.”—“ I easily comprehend that,” answered Sancho : “ but where shall we dispose of this ass, that we may be sure to find him when the fray is over ? for

I believe it was never yet the fashion to go to battle upon such a kind of beast.”—“You are in the right,” said Don Quixote; “and what you may do with him is, to let him take his chance whether he be lost or not: for we shall have such choice of horses after the victory, that Rozinante himself will run a risk of being trucked for another. But listen with attention, whilst I give you an account of the principal knights of both the armies. And, that you may see and observe them the better, let us retire to yon rising ground, from whence 10 both the armies may be distinctly seen.” They did so, and got upon a hillock, from whence the two flocks which Don Quixote took for two armies might easily have been discerned, had not the clouds of dust they raised obstructed and blinded the sight: but for all that, seeing in imagination what he neither did, nor could see.

Good God! how many provinces did he name! how many nations did he enumerate! giving to each with wonderful readiness its peculiar attributes, wholly 20 absorbed and wrapped up in what he had read in his lying books. Sancho Panza stood confounded at his discourse without speaking a word; and now and then he turned his head about to see whether he could discover the knights and giants his master named. But seeing none, he said: “Sir, the devil a man, or giant, or knight, of all you have named, appears anywhere; at least I do not see them: perhaps all may be enchantment, like last night’s goblins.”—“How say you, Sancho?” answered Don Quixote. “Do you not hear the neighing 30 of the steeds, the sound of the trumpets, and rattling of the drums?”—“I hear nothing,” answered Sancho,

“but the bleating of sheep and lambs.” And so it was ; for now the two flocks were come very near them. “The fear you are in, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “makes you either unable to see or hear aright ; for one effect of fear is to disturb the senses, and make things not to appear what they are : and if you are so much afraid, get you aside, and leave me alone ; for I am able with my single arm to give the victory to that side I shall favour with my assistance.” And saying this, he

10 clapped spurs to Rozinante, setting his lance in its rest, and darted down the hillock like lightning. Sancho cried out to him : “Hold, Signor Don Quixote, come back ; as God shall save me, they are lambs and sheep you are going to encounter : pray come back ; woe to the father that begot me, what madness is this ? Look ; there is neither giant, nor knight, nor arms, nor shields quartered nor entire, nor true azures nor be-devilled. Sinner that I am, what is it you do ?”

For all this, Don Quixote turned not again, but still

20 went on, crying aloud : “Ho ! knights, you that follow and fight under the banner of the valiant Emperor Pentapolin of the Naked Arm, follow me all, and you shall see with how much ease I revenge him on his enemy Alifanfaron of Taprobana.” And saying thus, he rushed into the midst of the squadron of sheep, and began to attack them with his lance, as courageously and intrepidly, as if in good earnest he was engaging his mortal enemies. The shepherds and herdsmen who came with the flocks, called out to him to desist : but

30 seeing it was to no purpose, they unbuckled their slings, and began to let drive about his ears with stones as big as one’s fist. Don Quixote did not mind the stones, but

running about on all sides, cried out : “ Where art thou, proud Alifanfaron ? Present thyself before me : I am a single knight, desirous to prove thy valour hand to hand, and to punish thee with the loss of life, for the



wrong thou dost to the valiant Pentapolin Garamanta.” At that instant came a large pebble-stone, and struck him such a blow on the side, that it buried a couple of his ribs in his body. Finding himself thus ill-treated, he believed for certain he was slain, or sorely wounded ; and there comes another of those almonds, and hit him 10

full on the mouth, carrying off three or four of his teeth by the way. Such was the first blow, and such the second, that the poor knight tumbled from his horse to the ground. The shepherds ran to him, and verily believed they had killed him : whereupon in all haste they got their flock together, took up their dead, which were about seven, and marched off without further inquiry.

All this while Sancho stood upon the hillock beholding his master's extravagances, tearing his beard, and
10 cursing the unfortunate hour and moment that ever he knew him. But seeing him fallen to the ground, and the shepherds already gone off, he descended from the hillock, and running to him found him in a very ill plight, though he had not quite lost the use of his senses ; and said to him, " Did I not desire you, Signor Don Quixote, to come back ; for those you went to attack were a flock of sheep, and not an army of men ? " — " How easily," replied Don Quixote, " can that thief of an enchanter, my enemy, make things appear or
20 disappear ! You must know, Sancho, that it is a very easy matter for such to make us seem what they please ; and this malignant, who persecutes me, envious of the glory he saw I was likely to acquire in this battle, has transformed the hostile squadrons into flocks of sheep." — " Well ! let it be as your worship says," answered Sancho ; " but let us be gone hence, and endeavour to get a lodging to-night ; and pray God it be where there are neither hobgoblins, nor enchanted Moors : for if there be, the devil take both the flock and the fold." —
30 " Child," said Don Quixote, " do thou pray to God, and conduct me whither thou wilt ; for this time I leave it to your choice where to lodge us. But reach hither

your hand, and feel with your fingers how many grinders I want on the right side of my upper jaw ; for there I feel the pain." Sancho put in his fingers, and, feeling about, said, " How many did your worship use to have



on this side ?"—" Four," answered Don Quixote ; " beside the eye-tooth, all whole and very sound." " Take care what you say, Sir," answered Sancho. " I say four, if not five," replied Don Quixote ; " for in my whole life I never drew tooth nor grinder, nor have I lost one by rheum or decay."—" Well then," said 10

Sancho, "on this lower side your worship has but two grinders and a half; and in the upper neither half nor whole: all is as smooth and even as the palm of my hand."—"Unfortunate that I am!" said Don Quixote, hearing the sad news his squire told him: "I had rather they had torn off an arm, provided it were not the sword-arm; for, Sancho, you must know, that a mouth without grinders is like a mill without a stone; and a diamond is not so precious as a tooth. But all this we are subject
10 to, who profess the strict order of chivalry. Mount, friend Sancho, and lead on; for I will follow thee what pace thou wilt." Sancho did so, and went toward the place where he thought to find a lodging, without going out of the highway, which was thereabouts very much frequented. As they thus went on, fair and softly, for the pain of Don Quixote's jaws gave him no ease nor inclination to make haste, Sancho had a mind to amuse and divert him by talking to him, and said, among other things, what you will find written in the following chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

“It is my opinion, master of mine, that all the misfortunes which have befallen us of late are doubtless in punishment of the sin committed by your worship against your own order of knighthood, in not performing the oath you took, not to eat bread on a table-cloth, with all the rest that you swore to accomplish, until your taking away that helmet of Malandrino, or how do you call the Moor, for I do not well remember.”—“Sancho, you are in the right,” said Don Quixote : “but to tell you the truth, it had quite slipped out of my memory : 10 but I will make amends ; for in the order of chivalry there are ways of compounding for everything.”—“If it be so,” said Sancho, “see, Sir, you do not forget this too, as you did the oath : perhaps the goblins may take a fancy to divert themselves with me, and perhaps with your worship, if they find you so obstinate.”

Turning presently to the right hand, they struck into another road. Soon after Don Quixote discovered a man on horseback, who had on his head something which glittered as if it had been of gold ; and scarce 20 had he seen it, but turning to Sancho, he said, “Tell me, seest thou not yon knight, coming toward us on a dapple-grey steed, with a helmet of gold on his head ?” —“What I see and perceive,” answered Sancho, “is

only a man on a grey ass like mine, with something on his head, that glitters.”—“ Why, that is Mambrino’s helmet,” said Don Quixote ; “ get aside, and leave me alone to deal with him ; you shall see me conclude this adventure, to save time without speaking a word ; and the helmet I have so much longed for shall be my own.”

Now the truth of the matter, concerning the helmet, the steed, and the knight, which Don Quixote saw, was this. There were two villages in that neighbourhood, 10 one of them so small that it had neither shop nor barber, but the other adjoining to it had both ; and the barber of the greater served also the less ; in which a person indisposed wanted to be let blood, and another to be trimmed ; and for this purpose was the barber coming, and brought with him his brass basin. And fortune so ordered it, that as he was upon the road it began to rain, and that his hat might not be spoiled, for it was a new one, he clapped the basin on his head, and being new scoured it glittered half a league off. He rode on 20 a grey ass, as Sancho said ; and this was the reason why Don Quixote took the barber for a knight, his ass for a dappled-grey steed, and his basin for a golden helmet ; for he very readily adapted whatever he saw to his knightly extravagances and wild conceits. And when he saw the poor cavalier approach, without staying to reason the case with him, he advanced at Rozinante’s best speed, and couched his lance low, designing to run him through and through. But when he came up to him, without checking the fury of his career, he cried 30 out, “ Defend yourself, caitiff, or surrender willingly what is so justly my due.” The barber, who, not suspecting or apprehending any such thing, saw this phantom

coming upon him, had no other way to avoid the thrust of the lance, but to let himself fall down from the ass ; and no sooner had he touched the ground, when, leaping up nimbler than a roebuck, he began to scour over the



plain with such speed that the wind could not overtake him. He left the basin on the ground, with which Don Quixote was satisfied, and said, the miscreant had acted discreetly in imitating the beaver, who, finding itself closely pursued by the hunters, tears off with its teeth that for which it knows, by natural instinct, it 10

is hunted. He ordered Sancho to take up the helmet, who, holding it in his hand, said, "Before God, the basin is a special one, and is as well worth a piece of eight as a farthing." Then he gave it to his master, who immediately clapped it on his head, twirling it about to find the visor; and not finding it he said, "Doubtless the pagan, for whom this famous helmet was first forged, must have had a prodigious large head; and the worst of it is, that one half is wanting." When Sancho heard
10 the basin called a helmet, he could not forbear laughing; but recollecting his master's late choler, he checked it in the middle. "What dost thou laugh at, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. He answered, "I laugh to think what a huge head the pagan had who owned this helmet, which is, for all the world, just like a barber's basin."—"Knowest thou, Sancho, what I take to be the case? This famous piece, this enchanted helmet, by some strange accident, must have fallen into the hands of someone, who being ignorant of its true value, and not
20 considering what he did, seeing it to be of the purest gold, has melted down the one half for lucre's sake, and of the other half made this, which as you say does look like a barber's basin. But be it what it will, to me, who know it, its transformation signifies nothing; for I will get it put to rights in the first town where there is a smith, and in such sort that even that which the god of smiths made and forged for the god of battles shall not surpass nor equal it; in the meantime I will wear it as I can, for something is better than nothing;
30 and the rather since it will be more than sufficient to defend me from stones."—"It will so," said Sancho, "if they do not throw them with slings, as they did

in the battle of the two armies. But tell me, Sir, what we shall do with this dapple-grey steed, which looks so like a grey ass, and which that caitiff, whom your worship overthrew, has left behind here to shift for itself; for to judge by his scouring off so hastily, and flying for it, he does not think of ever returning for him; and, by my beard, Dapple is a special one.”—“It is not my custom,” said Don Quixote, “to plunder those I overcome, nor is it the usage of chivalry to take from them their horses, and leave them on foot, unless 10 the victor hath lost his own in the conflict: for in such a case it is lawful to take that of the vanquished as fairly won in battle. Therefore, Sancho, leave this horse or ass, or what you will have it to be; for when his owner sees us gone a pretty way off he will come again for him.”—“God knows whether it were best for me to take him,” replied Sancho, “or at least to truck mine for him, which methinks is not so good: verily the laws of chivalry are very strict, since they do not extend to the swapping one ass for another; and I 20 would fain know, whether I might exchange furniture if I had a mind.”—“I am not very clear as to that point,” answered Don Quixote; “and in case of doubt, until better information can be had, I say, you may truck, if you are in extreme want of them.”—“So extreme,” replied Sancho, “that I could not want them more, if they were for my own proper person.” And so saying, he proceeded, with that license, to an exchange of caparisons, and made his own beast three parts in four the better for his new furniture. This done, they 30 breakfasted, and their choler and hunger being thus allayed they mounted; and without resolving to follow

any particular road, as is the custom of knights-errant, they put on whithersoever Rozinante's will led him, which drew after it that of his master, and also that of the ass, which followed, in love and good fellowship, wherever he led the way. Notwithstanding which, they soon turned again into the great road, which they followed at a venture without any other design.

As they pursued their way a cart crossed the road before them, laden with the strangest and most different
10 figures and personages imaginable. He who guided the mules and served for carter was a frightful demon. The cart was uncovered, and opened to the sky, without awning or wicker sides. The first figure that presented itself to Don Quixote's eyes, was that of Death itself, with a human visage. Close by him sat an angel with large painted wings. On one side stood an emperor with a crown, seemingly of gold, on his head. At Death's feet sat the god, called Cupid, not blindfolded, but with his bow, quiver, and arrows. There was also
20 a knight completely armed, excepting only that he had no morion, or casque, but a hat with a large plume of feathers of divers colours. With these came other persons differing both in habits and countenances. All this appearing on a sudden, in some sort startled Don Quixote, and frightened Sancho to the heart. But Don Quixote presently rejoiced at it, believing it to be some new and perilous adventure; and with this thought, and a courage prepared to encounter any danger whatever, he planted himself just before the cart, and, with
30 a loud voice, said, "Carter, coachman, or devil, or whatever you are, delay not to tell me who you are, whither you are going, and who are the persons you are

carrying in that coach-waggon, which looks more like Charon's ferry-boat than any cart now in fashion." To which the devil, stopping the cart, calmly replied, "Sir, we are strollers belonging to Angulo el Malo's company : this morning, which is the octave of Corpus Christi, we have been performing in a village on the other side of yon hill, a piece representing the 'Cortes,' or 'Parliament of Death' ; and this evening we are to play it again in that village just before us ; which being so near, to save ourselves the trouble of dressing and 10 undressing, we come in the clothes we are to act our parts in. That lad there acts Death ; that other an angel ; yonder woman, our author's wife, a queen ; that other a soldier ; he an emperor, and I a devil ; and I am one of the principal personages of the drama ; for in this company I have all the chief parts. If your worship would know any more of us, ask me, and I will answer you most punctually ; for, being a devil, I know everything."—"Upon the faith of a knight-errant," answered Don Quixote, "when I first espied 20 this cart, I imagined some grand adventure offered itself ; and I say now, that it is absolutely necessary, if one would be undeceived, to lay one's hand upon appearances. God be with you, good people ; go and act your play, and, if there be anything in which I may be of service to you, command me ; for I will do it readily, and with a good will, having been, from my youth, a great admirer of masques and theatrical representations."

While they were thus engaged in discourse, fortune 30 so ordered it, that there came up one of the company in an antic dress, hung round with abundance of bells,

and carrying at the end of a stick three blown ox-bladders. This masque, approaching Don Quixote, began to fence with the stick, and to beat the bladders against the ground, jumping, and tinkling all his bells; which horrid apparition so startled Rozinante, that, taking the bit between his teeth, Don Quixote not being able to hold him in, he began to run about the field with a greater pace than the bones of his anatomy seemed to promise. Sancho, considering the danger his master was in of getting a fall, leaped from Dapple, and ran to help him; but, by that time he was come up to him, he was already upon the ground, and close by him Rozinante, who fell together with his master, the usual end and upshot of Rozinante's frolics and adventurings. But scarcely had Sancho quitted his beast to assist Don Quixote, when the bladder-dancing devil jumped upon Dapple, and, thumping him with the bladders, fear and the noise, more than the smart, made him fly through the field toward the village, where they were going to act. Sancho beheld Dapple's career, and his master's fall, and did not know which of the two necessities he should apply to first; but, in short, like a good squire and good servant, the love he bore his master prevailed over his affection for his ass; though, every time he saw the bladders hoisted in the air, and fall upon the buttocks of his Dapple, they were to him so many tortures and terrors of death, and he could have wished those blows had fallen on the apple of his own eyes, rather than on the least hair of his ass's tail. In this perplexity and tribulation he came up to Don Quixote, who was in a much worse plight than he could have wished; and helping him to get upon Rozinante,

he said to him, "Sir, the devil has run away with Dapple."—"What devil?" demanded Don Quixote. "He with the bladders," answered Sancho. "I will recover him," replied Don Quixote, "though he should hide him in the deepest and darkest dungeons of hell. Follow me, Sancho; for the cart moves but slowly, and the mules shall make satisfaction for the loss of Dapple."—"There is no need," answered Sancho, "to make such haste: moderate your anger, Sir; for the devil, I think, has already abandoned Dapple, and is 10 gone his way." And so it was; for the devil, having fallen with Dapple, in imitation of Don Quixote and Rozinante, trudged on foot toward the town, and the ass turned back to his master. "Nevertheless," said Don Quixote, "it will not be amiss to chastise the unmannerliness of this devil at the expense of some of his company, though it were the emperor himself."—"Good your worship," quoth Sancho, "never think of it, but take my advice, which is, never to meddle with players; for they are a people mightily beloved. I have 20 seen a player taken up for two murders, and get off scot-free. Your worship must know, that, as they are merry folks and give pleasure, all people favour them; everybody protects, assists, and esteems them; and especially if they are of his majesty's company of comedians, or that of some grandee, all, or most of whom, in their manner and garb, look like any princess."—"For all that," answered Don Quixote, "that farcical devil shall not escape me, nor have cause to brag, though 30 all humankind favoured him."

And so saying he rode after the cart, which was by this time got very near the town, and, calling aloud, he

said: "Hold, stop a little, merry Sirs, and let me teach you how to treat asses and cattle which serve to mount the squires of knights-errant." Don Quixote's cries were so loud that the players heard him, and judging of his design by his words, in an instant out jumped Death, and after him the emperor, the carter-devil, and the angel; nor did the queen or the god Cupid stay behind; and all of them, taking up stones, ranged themselves in battle-array, waiting to receive

10 Don Quixote at the points of their pebbles. Don Quixote, seeing them posted in such order, and so formidable a battalion, with arms uplifted ready to discharge a ponderous volley of stones, checked Rozinante with the bridle, and set himself to consider how he might attack them with least danger to his person. While he delayed, Sancho came up, and seeing him in a posture of attacking that well-formed brigade, he said to him: "It is mere madness, Sir, to attempt such an enterprise; pray, consider, there is no fencing against a flail, nor

20 defensive armour against stones and brick-bats, unless it be thrusting oneself into a bell of brass. Consider also, that it is rather rashness than courage, for one man alone to encounter an army, where Death is present, and where emperors fight in person, and are assisted by good and bad angels. But if this consideration does not prevail with you to be quiet, be assured, that, among all those who stand there, though they appear to be princes, kings, and emperors, there is not one knight-errant."—"Now, indeed," said Don Quixote,

30 "you have hit the point, Sancho, which only can, and must, make me change my determinate resolution. I neither can nor ought to draw my sword, as I have

often told you, against any who are not dubbed knights. To you it belongs, Sancho, to avenge the affront offered to your Dapple ; and I from hence will encourage and assist you with my voice, and with salutary instructions.” —“ There is no need, Sir, to be revenged on anybody,” answered Sancho ; “ for good Christians should not take revenge for injuries ; besides, I will settle it with my ass to submit the injury done him to my will, which is to live peaceably all the days that Heaven shall give me of life.” —“ Since this is your resolution, good ¹⁰ Sancho, discreet Sancho, Christian Sancho, and pure Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “ let us leave these phantoms, and seek better and more substantial adventures ; for this country, I see, is likely to afford us many and very extraordinary ones.” Then he wheeled Rozinante about ; Sancho took his Dapple ; Death and all his flying squadron returned to their cart, and pursued their way. And this was the happy conclusion of the terrible adventure of Death’s cart.

CHAPTER X.

DON QUIXOTE and his squire passed the night ensuing the encounter with Death under some lofty and shady trees. Don Quixote, at Sancho's persuasion, refreshed himself with some of the provisions carried by Dapple, after which Sancho had a mind to let down the portcullises of his eyes, as he used to say, when he was inclined to sleep; and so, unrigging Dapple, he turned him loose into abundant pasture. But he did not take off the saddle from Rozinante's back, it being the express
10 command of his master, that he should continue saddled all the time they kept the field, or did not sleep under a roof; for it was an ancient established custom, and religiously observed among knights-errant, to take off the bridle, and hang it at the pommel of the saddle; but by no means to take off the saddle. At length Sancho fell asleep at the foot of a cork-tree, and Don Quixote slumbered under an oak.

[Rising in the morning, they go on their way, Don Quixote wrapped in deep thought. Sancho stops to
20 talk with some shepherds he meets by the road.]

On a sudden Don Quixote, lifting up his eyes, perceived a car, with royal banners, coming the same road

they were going, and, believing it to be some new adventure, he called aloud to Sancho to come and give him his helmet. Sancho hearing himself called, left the shepherds, and, in all haste, pricking his Dapple, came where his master was, whom there befell a most dreadful and stupendous adventure.

When Don Quixote called out to Sancho to bring him his helmet, he was buying curds of some shepherds ; and, being hurried by the violent haste his master was in, he knew not what to do with them, nor how to ¹⁰ bestow them ; and that he might not lose them, now they were paid for, he bethought him of clapping them into his master's helmet ; and, with this excellent shift, back he came to learn the commands of his lord, who said to him : " Friend, give me the helmet ; for either I know little of adventures, or that which I descry yonder is one that does and will oblige me to have recourse to arms." Sancho, not having time to take out the curds, was forced to give him the helmet as it was. Don Quixote took it, and, without minding what ²⁰ was in it, clapped it hastily upon his head ; and as the curds were squeezed and pressed, the whey began to run down the face and beard of Don Quixote ; at which he was so startled, that he said to Sancho, " What can this mean, Sancho ? methinks my skull is softening, or my brains melting, or I sweat from head to foot ; and if I do really sweat, in truth it is not through fear, though I verily believe I am like to have a terrible adventure of this. If you have anything to wipe with, give it me ; for the copious sweat quite blinds my eyes." ³⁰ Sancho said nothing, and gave him a cloth, and with it thanks to God, that his master had not found out the

truth. Don Quixote wiped himself, and took off his helmet to see what it was that so over-cooled his head ; and seeing some white lumps in it, he put them to his nose, and smelling them said, " By the life of my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, they are curds you have clapped in here, vile traitor and inconsiderate squire ! " To which Sancho answered, with great phlegm and dissimulation, " If they are curds, give me them to eat ; but the devil eat them for me ; for it must be he
10 that put them there. In faith, Sir, by what God gives me to understand, I too have my enchanters, who persecute me, as a creature and member of your worship, to stir your patience to wrath against me, and provoke you to bang my sides as you used to do. But truly this bout they have missed their aim ; for I trust to the candid judgment of my master, who will consider that I have neither curds nor cream, nor anything like it ; and that if I had I should sooner have put them into my stomach than into your honour's helmet."—
20 " It may be so," replied Don Quixote ; and having wiped his head, face, beard, and helmet, clapping it on, and fixing himself firm in his stirrups, then trying the easy drawing of his sword, and grasping his lance, said, " Now come what will ; for here I am, prepared to encounter Satan himself in person."

By this time the car with the flags was come up, and nobody with it but the carter upon one of the mules, and a man sitting upon the fore-part. Don Quixote planted himself just before them, and said, " Whither
30 go ye, brethren ? What car is this ? What have you in it, and what banners are those ? " To which the carter answered, " The car is mine, and in it are two

fierce lions, which the General of Oran is sending to court, as a present to his majesty ; the flags belong to our liege the king, to show that what is in the car is his.”—“ And are the lions large ? ” demanded Don Quixote. “ So large,” replied the man upon the forepart of the car, “ that larger never came from Africa into Spain : I am their keeper, and have had charge of several, but never of any so large as these : they are a male and a female ; the male is in the first cage, and the female in that behind ; at present they are 10 hungry, not having eaten to-day, and therefore, Sir, get out of the way ; for we must make haste to the place where we are to feed them.” At which Don Quixote, smiling a little, said, “ To me your lion-whelps ! your lion-whelps to me ! and at this time of the day ! By the living God, those who sent them hither shall see whether I am a man to be scared by lions ! Alight, honest friend ; and, since you are their keeper, open the cages, and turn out those beasts ; for in the midst of this field will I make them know who Don Quixote 20 de la Mancha is, in spite of the enchanterers that sent them to me.” Then Sancho said, “ For God’s sake, Sir, do not encounter these lions ; for they will tear us all to pieces.” But Don Quixote, turning to the keeper, said, “ I vow to God, Don Rascal, if you do not instantly open the cages, with this lance I will pin you to the car.” The carter, seeing the resolution of this armed apparition, said, “ Good Sir, for charity’s sake, be pleased to let me take off my mules, and get with them out of danger, before the lions are let loose ; for 30 should my cattle be killed, I am undone for all the days of my life, having no other livelihood but this car and

these mules.”—“ O man of little faith ! ” answered Don Quixote, “ alight and unyoke, and do what you will ; for you shall quickly see you have laboured in vain, and might have saved yourself this trouble.”

The carter alighted, and unyoked in great haste ; and the keeper said aloud, “ Bear witness, all here present, that against my will, and by compulsion, I open the cages and let loose the lions ; and that I enter my protest against this gentleman, that all the harm and
10 mischief these beasts do shall stand and be placed to his account, with my salary and perquisites over and above ; pray, gentlemen, shift for yourselves before I open ; for, as to myself, I am sure they will do me no hurt.” Again they pressed Don Quixote to desist from doing so mad a thing, it being to tempt God, to undertake so extravagant an action. Don Quixote replied, that he knew what he did. Sancho, hearing this, besought him with tears in his eyes to desist from that enterprise, in comparison whereof that of the
20 windmills, and, in short, all the exploits he had performed in the whole course of his life, were mere tarts and cheesecakes. “ Consider, Sir,” quoth Sancho, “ that here is no enchantment, nor anything like it ; for I have seen through the grates and chinks of the cage the claw of a true lion ; and I guess by it, that the lion to whom such a claw belongs is bigger than a mountain.” —“ However it be,” answered Don Quixote, “ fear will make it appear to you bigger than half the world. Retire, Sancho, and leave me ; and if I die here, you
30 know our old agreement : repair to Dulcinea ; I say no more.” To these he added other expressions, with which he cut off all hope of his desisting from his

extravagant design. And on his hastening the keeper, and reiterating his menaces, Sancho took occasion to clap spurs to Dapple, and the carter to his mules, endeavouring to get as far from the car as they could, before the lions were let loose. Sancho lamented the death of his master, verily believing it would now overtake him in the paws of the lions; he cursed his hard fortune, and the unlucky hour when it came into his head to serve him; but for all his tears and lamentations, he ceased not punching his Dapple to get 10 far enough from the car. The keeper, seeing that the fugitives were got a good way off, repeated his arguments and entreaties to Don Quixote, who answered, that he heard him, and that he should trouble himself with no more arguments nor entreaties, for all would signify nothing, and that he must make haste.

Whilst the keeper delayed opening the first grate, Don Quixote considered with himself whether it would be best to fight on foot or on horseback: at last he determined to fight on foot, lest Rozinante should be 20 terrified at sight of the lions. Upon this he leaped from his horse, flung aside his lance, braced on his shield, and drew his sword; and marching slowly, with marvellous intrepidity and an undaunted heart, he planted himself before the car, devoutly commending himself, first to God, and then to his mistress Dulcinea.

The keeper, seeing Don Quixote fixed in his posture, and that he could not avoid letting loose the male lion, on pain of falling under the displeasure of the angry and daring knight, set wide open the door of the first 30 cage, where lay the lion, which appeared to be of an extraordinary bigness and of a hideous and frightful

aspect. The first thing he did was to turn himself round in the cage, reach out a paw, and stretch himself at full length. Then he gaped and yawned very leisurely ; then licked the dust off his eyes and washed his face with some half a yard of tongue. This done, he thrust his head out of the cage, and stared round on all sides with eyes of fire-coals ; a sight and aspect enough to have stuck terror into temerity itself. Don Quixote only observed him with attention, wishing he would
10 leap from the car, and grapple with him, that he might tear him in pieces ; to such a piece of extravagance had his unheard-of madness transported him. But the generous lion, more civil than arrogant, taking no notice of his vapouring and bravadoes, after having stared about him, as has been said, turned his back, and showed his posteriors to Don Quixote, and, with great phlegm and calmness, laid himself down again in the cage ; which Don Quixote perceiving, he ordered the keeper to give him some blows, and provoke him to come
20 forth. “ That I will not do,” answered the keeper ; “ for, should I provoke him, I myself shall be the first he will tear in pieces. Be satisfied, Signor Cavalier, with what is done, which is all that can be said in point of courage, and do not tempt fortune a second time. The lion has the door open, and it is in his choice to come forth or not ; and since he has not yet come out, he will not come out all this day. The greatness of your worship’s courage is already sufficiently shown ; ‘no brave combatant, as I take it, is obliged to more
30 than to challenge his foe, and expect him in the field ; and, if the antagonist does not meet him, the infamy lies at his door, and the expectant gains the crown of

conquest.”—“That is true,” answered Don Quixote: “shut the door, friend; and give me a certificate, in the best form you can, of what you have seen me do



here. It is fit it should be known, how you opened to the lion; I waited for him; he came not out; I waited for him again; again he came not out; and again he laid him down. I am bound to no more;

enchantments avaunt, and God help right and truth and true chivalry ; and so shut the door, while I make a signal to the fugitive and absent, that they may have an account of this exploit from your mouth."

The keeper did so, and Don Quixote, clapping on the point of his lance the linen cloth wherewith he had wiped the torrent of the curds from off his face, began to call out to the others, who still fled, turning about their heads at every step. But Sancho, chancing to espy
10 the signal of the white cloth, said, " May I be hanged if my master has not vanquished the wild beasts, since he calls to us." They halted, and knew that it was Don Quixote who made the sign ; and, abating some part of their fear, they drew nearer by degrees, till they came where they could distinctly hear the words of Don Quixote, who was calling to them. In short, they came back to the car, and then Don Quixote said to the carter, " Put to your mules again, brother, and continue your journey ; and, Sancho, give two gold
20 crowns to him and the keeper, to make them amends for my having detained them."—" That I will with all my heart," answered Sancho ; " but what is become of the lions ? Are they dead or alive ? " Then the keeper, very minutely, and with proper pauses, related the success of the conflict, exaggerating, the best he could, or knew how, the valour of Don Quixote, at sight of whom the abashed lion would not or durst not stir out of the cage, though he had held open the door a good while ; and upon his representing to the
30 knight, that it was tempting God to provoke the lion, and to make him come out by force, as he would have had him done whether he would or no, and wholly against

his will, he had suffered the cage door to be shut. "What think you of this, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "Can any enchantments prevail against true courage? With ease may the enchanter deprive me of good fortune; but of courage and resolution they never can." Sancho gave the gold crowns; the carter put-to; the keeper kissed Don Quixote's hands for the favour received, and promised him to relate this valorous exploit to the king himself when he came to court. "If, perchance, his majesty," said Don Quixote, "should inquire who 10 performed it, tell him, the Knight of the Lions; for from henceforward I resolve that the title I have hitherto borne of the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure shall be changed, trucked, and altered to this; and herein I follow the ancient practice of knights-errant, who changed their names when they had a mind or whenever it served their turn."

CHAPTER XI.

It fell out then, that the next day, about sunset, going out of a wood, Don Quixote cast his eyes over a green meadow, and saw people at the farther side of it ; and drawing near, he found they were persons taking the diversion of hawking. Drawing yet nearer, he observed among them a gallant lady upon a palfrey, or milk-white pad, with green furniture, and a side-saddle of cloth of silver. The lady herself also was arrayed in green, and her attire so full of fancy, and so rich, that
10 fañcy herself seemed transformed into her. On her left hand she carried a hawk ; from whence Don Quixote conjectured, she must be a lady of great quality, and mistress of all those sportsmen about her, as in truth she was ; and so he said to Sancho : “ Run, son Sancho, and tell that lady of the palfrey and the hawk, that I, the Knight of the Lions, kiss the hands of her great beauty, and, if her highness gives me leave, I will wait upon her to kiss them, and to serve her to the utmost of my power, in whatever her highness shall command ;
20 and take heed, Sancho, how you speak, and have a care not to interlard your embassy with any of your proverbs.” —“ You have hit upon the interlarder,” quoth Sancho : “ why this to me ? As if this were the first time I had carried a message to high and mighty ladies in my life.”

—"As to that," replied Don Quixote, "I know of none you have carried, at least none from me."—"That is true," answered Sancho; "but a good paymaster needs no surety; and where there is plenty, dinner is not long a-dressing: I mean, there is no need of advising me; for I am prepared for all, and have a smattering of everything."—"I believe it, Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "go in a good hour, and God be your guide!"

Sancho went off at a round rate, forcing Dapple 10 out of his usual pace, and came where the fair huntress was; and, alighting and kneeling before her, he said: "Beauteous lady, that knight yonder, called the Knight of the Lions, is my master, and I am his squire, called at home Sancho Panza. This same Knight of the Lions, who, not long ago, was called he of the Sorrowful Figure, sends by me to desire your grandeur would be pleased to give leave, that, with your liking, goodwill, and consent, he may approach and accomplish his wishes, which, as he says, and I believe, are no other, than to 20 serve your high-towering falconry and beauty; which, if your ladyship grant him, you will do a thing that will redound to your grandeur's advantage, and he will receive a most signal favour and satisfaction."

"Truly, good squire," answered the lady, "you have delivered your message with all the circumstances which such embassies require: rise up; for it is not fit the squire of so renowned a knight as he of the Sorrowful Figure, of whom we have already heard a great deal in these parts, should remain upon his knees; rise, friend, 30 and tell your master he may come and welcome; for I and the duke, my husband, are at his service in a

country-seat we have here hard by." Sancho rose up, in admiration as well at the good lady's beauty as at her great breeding and courtesy, and especially at what she had said, that she had some knowledge of his master, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure ; and, if she did not call him the Knight of the Lions, he concluded it was because he had assumed it so very lately. The duchess, whose title is not yet known, said to him : " Tell me, Brother Squire, is not this master of yours the person
10 of whom there goes about a history in print, called, ' The ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha, who has for Mistress of his Affections one Dulcinea del Toboso ? ' "—" The very same," answered Sancho ; " and that squire of his, who is, or ought to be, in that same history, called Sancho Panza, am I, unless I was changed in the cradle, I mean in the press."—" I am very glad of all this," said the duchess : " go, brother Panza, and tell your master he is heartily welcome to my estates, and that nothing could happen to me which
20 could give me greater pleasure." With this agreeable answer, Sancho, infinitely delighted, returned to his master, to whom he recounted all that the great lady had said to him, extolling, in his rustic phrase, her beauty, her good-humour, and her courtesy to the skies. Don Quixote, putting on his best airs, seated himself handsomely in his saddle, adjusted his visor, enlivened Rozinante's mettle, and with a genteel assurance advanced to kiss the duchess's hand ; who, having caused the duke, her husband, to be called, had been
30 telling him, while Don Quixote was coming up, the purport of Sancho's message ; and they both, having read the first part of this history, and having learned

by it the extravagant humour of Don Quixote, waited for him with the greatest pleasure and desire to be acquainted with him, for the purpose of carrying on the humour, and giving him his own way, treating him like a knight-errant all the while he should stay with them, with all the ceremonies usual in books of chivalry, which they had read, and were also very fond of.

By this time Don Quixote was arrived, with his beaver up; and making a show of alighting, Sancho was hastening to hold his stirrup, but was so unlucky, 10 that, in getting off from Dapple, his foot hung in one of the rope stirrups, in such manner, that it was impossible for him to disentangle himself: but he hung by it with his face and breast on the ground. Don Quixote, who was not used to alight without having his stirrup held, thinking Sancho was come to do his office, threw his body off with a swing, and carrying with him Rozinante's saddle, which was ill-girthed, both he and his saddle came to the ground, to his no small shame, and many a heavy curse muttered between his teeth 20 on the unfortunate Sancho, who still had his legs in the stocks. The duke commanded some of his sportsmen to help the knight and squire, who raised up Don Quixote in ill plight through this fall; and limping, and as well as he could, he made shift to go and kneel before the lord and lady. But the duke would by no means suffer it: on the contrary, alighting from his horse, he went and embraced Don Quixote, saying, "I am very sorry, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, that your first arrival at my estate should prove so unlucky; 30 but the carelessness of squires is often the occasion of worse mischances."—"It could not be accounted

unlucky, O valorous prince," answered Don Quixote, "though I had met with no stop till I had fallen to the bottom of the deep abyss, for the glory of having seen your highness would have raised me even from thence. My squire, God's curse light on him, is better at letting loose his tongue to say unlucky things, than at fastening a saddle to make it sit firm; but, whether down or up, on foot or on horseback, I shall always be at your highness's service, and at my Lady Duchess's, your worthy
10 consort, and worthy mistress of all beauty, and universal princess of courtesy."—"Softly, dear Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha," said the duke; "for where Lady Donna Dulcinea del Toboso is, it is not reasonable other beauties should be praised."

Sancho Panza was now got free from the noose; and happening to be near, before his master could answer, he said, "It cannot be denied, but must be affirmed, that my lady Dulcinea del Toboso is very beautiful; but where we are least aware, there starts the hare.
20 I have heard say, that what they call nature is like a potter who makes earthen vessels, and he who makes one handsome vessel may also make two, and three, and a hundred. This I say, because, on my faith, my lady the duchess comes not a whit behind my mistress the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso." Don Quixote turned himself to the duchess, and said, "I assure you, Madam, never any knight-errant in the world had a more prating nor a more merry-conceited squire than I have; and he will make my words good, if your highness is pleased
30 to make use of my service for some days." To which the duchess answered, "I am glad to hear that honest Sancho is pleasant; it is a sign he is discreet; for

pleasantry and good humour, Signor Don Quixote, as your worship well knows, dwell not in dull noddles; and since Sancho is pleasant and witty, from henceforward I pronounce him discreet.”—“And a prate-apace,” added Don Quixote.—“So much the better,” said the duchess; “for many good things cannot be expressed in few words, and, that we may not throw away all our time upon them, come on, great Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.”—“Of the Lions, your highness should say,” quoth Sancho; “the Sorrowful 10 Figure is no more.”—“Of the Lions then let it be,” continued the duke; “I say come on, Sir Knight of the Lions, to a castle of mine hard by, where you shall be received in a manner suitable to a person of so elevated a rank, and as the duchess and I are wont to receive all knights-errant who come to it.”

By this time Sancho had adjusted and well girthed Rozinante's saddle; and Don Quixote mounting upon him, and the duke upon a very fine horse, they placed the duchess in the middle, and rode towards the castle. 20 The duchess ordered Sancho to be near her, being mightily delighted with his conceits. Sancho was easily prevailed upon, and winding himself in among the three, made a fourth in the conversation, to the great satisfaction of the duke and duchess, who looked upon it as a notable piece of good fortune to entertain in their castle such a knight-errant and such an erred squire.

CHAPTER XII.

EXCESSIVE was the joy which Sancho conceived to see himself, in his thinking, a favourite of the duchess ; for he was always a lover of good cheer, and consequently took every opportunity of regaling himself by the forelock, where and whenever it presented. Now the history relates, that, before they came to the pleasure-house or castle, the duke rode on before, and gave all his servants their cue in what manner they were to behave to Don Quixote ; who, arriving with the duchess at the castle
10 gate, immediately there issued out two lacqueys or grooms, clad in a kind of morning-gown of fine crimson satin down to their heels ; and, taking Don Quixote in their arms, without being observed, said to him, “ Go, great Sir, and take our lady the duchess off her horse.” Don Quixote did so, and great compliments passed between. But in short the duchess’s positiveness got the better, and she would not alight, nor descend from her palfrey, but into the duke’s arms, saying she did not think herself worthy to charge so grand a knight
20 with so unprofitable a burden. At length the duke came out and took her off her horse ; and at their entering into a large courtyard two beautiful damsels came and threw over Don Quixote’s shoulders a large

mantle of the finest scarlet, and in an instant all the galleries of the courtyard were crowded with men and women servants belonging to the duke and duchess, crying aloud, "Welcome the flower and cream of knights-errant!" and all or most of them sprinkled whole bottles of sweet-scented waters upon Don Quixote and on the duke and duchess; at all which Don Quixote wondered; and this was the first day that he was thoroughly convinced of his being a true knight-errant, and not an imaginary one, finding himself treated ¹⁰ just as he had read knights-errant were in former times.

Sancho, abandoning Dapple, tacked himself close to the duchess, and entered into the castle; but, his conscience soon pricking him for leaving his ass alone, he approached a reverend duenna, who among others came out to receive the duchess, and said to her in a whisper, "Mistress Gonzalez, or what is your duennaship's name?"—"Donna Rodriguez de Grijalva," answered the duenna; "what would you please to ²⁰ have with me, brother?" To which Sancho answered, "Be so good, sweetheart, as to step to the castle gate, where you will find a dapple ass of mine; and be so kind as to order him to be put, or put him yourself, into the stable; for the poor thing is a little timorous, and cannot abide to be alone by any means in the world."—"If the master be as discreet as the man," answered the duenna, "we are finely thriven. Go, brother, in an evil hour for you and him that brought you hither, and make account, you and your beast, ³⁰ that the duennas of this house are not accustomed to such kind of offices." This she uttered so loud that the

duchess heard it, and turning about and seeing the duenna so disturbed, and her eyes red as blood, asked her with whom she was so angry? "With this good man here," answered the duenna, "who has desired me in good earnest to go and set up an ass of his that stands at the castle gate."—"May the remainder of the years I have to live never prosper," answered Sancho, "if I meant her any ill; I only said it because the tenderness I have for my ass is so great, that I
10 thought I could not recommend him to a more charitable person than to Signora Donna Rodriguez." Don Quixote, who overheard all, said, "Are these discourses, Sancho, fit for this place?"—"Sir," answered Sancho, "every one must speak of his wants, be he where he will. Here I bethought me of Dapple, and here I spoke of him; and if I had thought of him in the stable, I had spoken of him there." To which the duke said, "Sancho is very much in the right, and not to be blamed in anything; Dapple shall have pro-
20 vender to his heart's content; and let Sancho take no further care, for he shall be treated like his own person."

With these discourses, pleasing to all but Don Quixote, they mounted the stairs, and conducted Don Quixote into a great hall, hung with rich tissue and cloth of gold and brocade. Six damsels unarmed him, and served him as pages, all instructed and tutored by the duke and duchess what they were to do, and how they were to behave towards Don Quixote, that he might imagine
30 and see they used him like a knight-errant. Don Quixote, being unarmed, remained in his straight breeches and chamois doublet, lean, tall, and stiff, with his jaws

meeting, and kissing each other on the inside; such a figure, that, if the damsels who waited upon him had not taken care to contain themselves (that being one



of the precise orders given them by their lord and lady), they had burst with laughing.

Don Quixote then dressed himself, girt on his sword, threw the scarlet mantle over his shoulders, put on a green satin cap, which the damsels had given him, and thus equipped marched out into the great saloon, where he found the damsels drawn up in two ranks, as many 10

on one side as the other, and all of them provided with an equipage for washing his hands, which they administered with many reverences and ceremonies. Then came twelve pages, with the gentleman-sewer, to conduct him to dinner, where by this time the lord and lady were waiting for him. They placed him in the middle of them, and, with great pomp and majesty, conducted him to another hall, where a rich table was spread. The duke and duchess came to the hall door to receive him. A
10 thousand polite compliments passed upon this occasion ; and, taking Don Quixote between them, they went and sat down to table. The duke offered Don Quixote the upper end, and, though he would have declined it, the importunities of the duke prevailed upon him to accept it. Sancho was present all the while, surprised and astonished to see the honour those princes did his master, and, perceiving the many entreaties and ceremonies which passed between the duke and Don Quixote, to make him sit down at the head of the table, he said,
20 “ I am one of those of whom they say, *Associate with good men, and thou wilt be one of them ;* and of those of whom it is said again, *Not with whom thou wert bred, but with whom thou hast fed ;* and, *He that leaneth against a good tree, a good shelter findeth he.* I have leaned to a good master, and have kept him company these many months, and shall be such another as he, if it be God’s good pleasure ; and if he lives, and I live, neither shall he want kingdoms to rule, nor I islands to govern.”—
“ That you shall not, friend Sancho,” said the duke ;
30 “ for, in the name of Signor Don Quixote, I promise you the government of one of mine, now vacant, and of no inconsiderable value.”—“ Kneel, Sancho,” said Don

Quixote, "and kiss his excellency's feet for the favour he has done you." Sancho did so.

The duchess was ready to die with laughter at seeing Sancho and hearing him talk; and, in her opinion, she took him to be more ridiculous and more mad than his master, and there were several others at that time of the same mind.

At last dinner ended, and the duchess, beckoning to the sewer, said, "Hark you, sewer, mind what honest Sancho desires, and do precisely as he would have you." 10 The sewer answered that Signor Sancho should be punctually obeyed; and so away he went to dinner, and took Sancho with him, the duke and duchess remaining at table with Don Quixote, discoursing of sundry and divers matters, but all relating to the profession of arms and knight-errantry.

The duke and duchess were so satisfied with the course of events that they resolved to carry the jest still farther, seeing how fit a subject they had to pass it on for earnest; and so, having projected the scheme, and given the 20 necessary orders to their servants and vassals, how they were to behave to Sancho in his government of the promised island, the duke bid Sancho prepare, and get himself in readiness to go to be a governor; for his islanders already wished for him, as for rain in May. Sancho made his bow, and said, "Well then, Sir, let this island come; for it shall go hard but I will be such a governor, that, in spite of rogues, I shall go to Heaven; and think not it is out of covetousness that I forsake my humble cottage, and aspire to greater things, but 30 for the desire I have to taste how it relishes to be a governor."—"If once you taste it, Sancho," said the

duke, "you will eat your fingers after it, so very sweet a thing it is to command, and be obeyed. Sure I am, when your master comes to be an emperor (for doubtless he will be one, in the way his affairs are), no one will be able to wrest it from him, and it will grieve and vex him to the heart to have been so long a time without being one."—"Sir," replied Sancho, "I am of opinion it is good to command, though it be but a flock of sheep."—"Let me be buried with you, Sancho, for you know
10 something of everything," answered the duke, "and I doubt not you will prove such a governor as your wit seems to promise. Let this suffice for the present; and take notice, that, to-morrow, without fail, you shall depart for the government of the island, and this evening you shall be fitted with a convenient garb, and with all things necessary for your departure."—"Let them dress me," quoth Sancho, "how they will; for, howsoever I go clad, I shall still be Sancho Panza."

By this time Don Quixote came up, and, learning
20 what had passed, and how suddenly Sancho was to depart to his government, with the duke's leave, he took him by the hand, and carried him with him to his chamber, proposing to give him advice how to behave himself in his employment.

Further, in the evening of the day he gave the instructions to Sancho in writing, that he might get somebody to read them to him; but scarcely had he delivered them to Sancho, when he dropped them, and they fell into the duke's hands, who communicated them to the
30 duchess; and they both admired afresh at the madness and capacity of Don Quixote; and so, going on with their jest, that evening they despatched Sancho with

a large retinue to the place which, to him, was to be an island.

[But Don Quixote continues to stay with the duke and duchess, delighting them with his quaintness and simplicity.]

CHAPTER XIII

SANCHO set out with a great number of followers. He was habited in a wide surtout of murrey-coloured camlet, with a cap of the same, and mounted upon a mule; and behind him, by the duke's order, was led his Dapple, with ass-like furniture, all of flaming fine silk. Sancho turned back his head every now and then to look at his ass, with whose company he was so delighted, that he would not have changed conditions with the emperor of Germany.

- 10 At taking leave of the duke and duchess, he kissed their hands, and begged his master's blessing, which he gave with tears, and Sancho received blubbering.

Sancho then, with all his attendants, arrived at a town that contained about a thousand inhabitants, and was one of the best the duke had. They gave him to understand that it was called the island of Barataria. At his arrival near the gates of the town, which was walled about, the magistrates, in their robes of office, came out to receive him, the bells rang, and the people
20 gave demonstrations of a general joy, and, with a great deal of pomp, conducted him to the great church to give thanks to God. Presently after, with certain ridiculous ceremonies, they presented to him the keys of the town, and admitted him as perpetual governor

of the island of Barataria. The garb, the beard, the thickness and shortness of the new governor, held all, that were not in the secret, in astonishment, and even those that were, who were not a few. In short, as soon as they had brought him out of the church, they carried him to the tribunal of justice, and placed him in the chair, and the duke's steward said to him : " It is an ancient custom here, my lord governor, that he, who comes to take possession of this famous island, is obliged to answer to a question put to him, which is somewhat 10 intricate and difficult ; and by his answer the people are enabled to feel the pulse of their new governor's understanding, and, accordingly, are either glad or sorry for his coming."

While the steward was saying this, Sancho was staring at some capital letters written on the wall opposite to his chair ; and, because he could not read, he asked what that painting was on the wall. He was answered, " Sir, it is there written, on what day your honour took possession of this island ; and the inscription runs 20 thus : ' This day (such a day of the month and year) Signor Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island, and long may he enjoy it ! ' "—" And, pray," quoth he, " who is it they call Don Sancho Panza ? "—" Your lordship," answered the steward ; " for no other Panza, besides him now in the chair, ever came into this island."—" Take notice, brother," quoth Sancho, " Don does not belong to me, nor ever did to any of my family : I am called plain Sancho Panza ; my father was a Sancho, and my grandfather a Sancho, and they were 30 all Panzas, without any addition of Dons or Donnas ; and I fancy there are more Dons than stones in this

island : but enough ; God knows my meaning, and perhaps, if my government last four days, I may weed out those Dons that overrun the country, and, by their numbers, are as troublesome as gnats. On with your question, master steward, and I will answer the best I can, let the people be sorry, or not sorry."

At this instant two men came into the court, the one clad like a country fellow, and the other like a tailor, with a pair of shears in his hand ; and the tailor said :
10 " My lord governor, I and this countryman come before your worship, by reason this honest man came yesterday to my shop (for, saving your presence, I am a tailor, and have passed my examination, God be thanked), and putting a piece of cloth into my hands, asked me ; Sir, is there enough of this to make me a cap ? I, measuring the piece, answered Yes. Now he imagining, as I imagine (and I imagined right), that doubtless I had a mind to cabbage some of the cloth, grounding his conceit upon his own knavery, and upon the common
20 ill opinion had of tailors, bid me view it again, and see if there was not enough for two. I guessed his drift, and told him there was. My gentleman, persisting in his knavish intention, went on increasing the number of caps, and I adding to the number of Yes's, till we came to five caps ; and even now he came for them. I offered them to him, and he refuses to pay me for the making, and pretends I shall either return him his cloth, or pay him for it."—" Is all this so, brother ? " demanded Sancho. " Yes," answered the man ; " but pray, my
30 lord, make him produce the five caps he has made me."
—" With all my heart," answered the tailor, and pulling his hand from under his cloak, he showed the five caps

on the end of his fingers and thumb, saying: "Here are the five caps this honest man would have me make, and, on my soul and conscience, not a shred of the cloth is left, and I submit the work to be viewed by any inspectors of the trade." All that were present laughed at the number of the caps, and the novelty of the suit. Sancho set himself to consider a little, and said: "I am of opinion, there needs no great delay in this suit, and it may be decided very equitably offhand; and therefore I pronounce, that the tailor lose the making, 10 and the countryman the stuff, and that the caps be confiscated to the use of the poor; and there is an end of that." If the sentence he afterwards passed on the purse of the herdsman caused the admiration of all the by-standers, this excited their laughter. In short, what the governor commanded was executed.

The next that presented themselves before him were two ancient men, the one with a cane in his hand for a staff; and he without a staff said: "My lord, some time ago I lent this man ten crowns of gold, to oblige and 20 serve him, upon condition he should return them on demand. I let him alone a good while, without asking for them, because I was loath to put him to a greater strait to pay me than he was in when I lent them. But at length, thinking he was negligent of the payment, I asked him more than once or twice for my money, and he not only refuses payment, but denies the debt, and says I never lent him any such sum, and if I did, that he has already paid me; and I having no witnesses of the loan, nor he of the payment, entreat your worship 30 will take his oath; and, if he will swear he has returned me the money, I acquit him from this minute before

God and the world.”—“What say you to this, old gentleman with the staff?” quoth Sancho. To which the old fellow replied: “I confess, my lord, he did



lend me the money; and, if your worship pleases to hold down your wand of justice, since he leaves it to my oath, I will swear I have really and truly returned it him.” The governor held down the wand, and the old fellow gave the staff to his creditor to hold, while

he was swearing, as if it encumbered him ; and presently laid his hand upon the cross of the wand, and said, it was true indeed he had lent him those ten crowns he asked for ; but that he had restored them to him into his own hand : and because he supposed he had forgot it, he was every moment asking him for them. Which the great governor seeing, he asked the creditor what he had to answer to what his antagonist had alleged. He replied, he did not doubt but his debtor had said the truth ; for he took him to be an honest man, and 10 a good Christian ; and that he himself must have forgotten when and where the money was returned ; and that, from henceforward, he would never ask him for it again. The debtor took his staff again, and, bowing his head, went out of court. Sancho seeing this, and that he was gone without more ado, and observing also the patience of the creditor, he inclined his head upon his breast, and, laying the forefinger of his right hand upon his eyebrows and nose, he continued, as it were, full of thought a short space, and then, lifting up his 20 head, he ordered the old man with the staff, who was already gone, to be called back. He was brought back accordingly ; and Sancho, seeing him, said : “ Give me that staff, honest friend ; for I have occasion for it.”—“ With all my heart,” answered the old fellow ; and delivered it into his hand. Sancho took it, and, giving it to the other old man, said : “ Go about your business, in God’s name, for you are paid.”—“ I, my lord ? ” answered the old man : “ what ! is this cane worth ten golden crowns ? ”—“ Yes,” quoth the governor, “ or 30 I am the greatest dunce in the world ; and now it shall appear, whether I have a head to govern a whole

kingdom." Straight he commanded the cane to be broken before them all. Which being done, there were found in the hollow of it ten crowns of gold. All were struck with admiration, and took their new governor for a second Solomon. They asked him whence he had collected that the ten crowns were in the cane. He answered, that, upon seeing the old man give it his adversary, while he was taking the oath and swearing that he had really and truly restored them into his own
10 hands, and, when he had done, ask for it again, it came into his imagination that the money in dispute must be in the hollow of the cane. Whence it may be gathered that God Almighty often directs the judgment of those who govern, though otherwise mere block-heads: besides, he had heard the priest of his parish tell a like case; and, were it not that he was so unlucky as to forget all he had a mind to remember, his memory was so good, there would not have been a better in the whole island. At length both the old men marched off,
20 the one ashamed, and the other satisfied: the bystanders were surprised, and the secretary, who minuted down the words, actions, and behaviour of Sancho Panza, could not determine with himself whether he should set him down for a wise man or a fool.

CHAPTER XIV.

THEY conducted Sancho Panza from the court of judicature to a sumptuous palace, where, in a great hall, was spread an elegant and splendid table; and as soon as Sancho entered the hall the waits struck up, and in came four pages with water to wash his hands, which Sancho received with great gravity. The music ceased, and Sancho sat down at the upper end of the table; for there was but that one chair, and no other napkin or plate. A personage, who afterwards proved to be a physician, placed himself, standing on one side 10 of him, with a whalebone rod in his hand. They removed a very fine white cloth, which covered several fruits, and a great variety of eatables. One, who looked like a student, said grace, and a page put a laced bib under Sancho's chin. Another, who played the sewer's part, set a plate of fruit before him; but scarcely had he eaten a bit, when he of the wand, touching the dish with it, the waiter snatched it away from before him with great haste, but the sewer set another dish of meat in its place. Sancho was going to try it, but before he 20 could reach or taste it, the wand had been already at it, and a page whipped that away also with as much speed as he had done the fruit. Sancho, seeing it, was surprised, and looking about him, asked if this repast

was to be eaten like a show of sleight-of-hand. To which he of the wand replied, "My lord governor, here must be no other kind of eating but such as is usual and customary in other islands, where there are governors. I, Sir, am a physician, and have an appointed salary in this island for serving the governors of it in that capacity; and I consult their healths much more than my own, studying night and day, and sounding the governor's constitution, the better to know how to cure
10 him when he is sick; and my principal business is to attend at his meals, to let him eat of what I think is most proper for him, and to remove from him whatever I imagine will do him harm, and be hurtful to his stomach. And therefore I ordered the dish of fruit to be taken away, as being too moist; and that other dish of meat I also ordered away, as being too hot, and having in it too much spice, which increases thirst; for he who drinks much, destroys and consumes the radical moisture in which life consists."—"Well then," quoth Sancho;
20 "yon plate of roasted partridges, which seem to me to be very well seasoned, will they do me any harm?" To which the doctor answered, "My lord governor shall not eat a bit of them while I have life."—"If it be so," quoth Sancho, "pray see, Signor Doctor, of all the dishes upon this table, which will do me most good, and which least harm, and let me eat of it, without conjuring it away with your wand; for, by the life of the governor, and as God shall give me leave to use it, I am dying with hunger; and to deny me my victuals,
30 though it be against the grain of Signor Doctor, and though he should say as much more against it, I say, is rather the way to shorten my life than to lengthen

it.”—“ Your worship is in the right, my lord governor,” answered the physician, “ and therefore what I would advise at present for Signor Governor’s eating, to corroborate and preserve his health, is, about a hundred of rolled-up wafers, and some thin slices of marmalade, that may sit easy upon the stomach, and help digestion.” Sancho, hearing this, threw himself backward in his chair, and, surveying the doctor from head to foot, with a grave voice, asked him his name, and where he had studied. To which he answered, “ My lord governor, 10 I am called Doctor Pedro Rezio de Agüero ; I am a native of a place called Tirteafuera, lying between Caraquel and Almoddobar del Campo, on the right hand, and have taken my doctor’s degree in the university of Ossuna.” To which Sancho, burning with rage, answered, “ Why then, Signor Doctor Pedro Rezio de Agüero, native of Tirteafuera, lying on the right hand as we go from Caraquel to Almoddobar del Campo, graduate in Ossuna, get out of my sight this instant, or, by the sun, I will take a cudgel, and beginning with 20 you, will so lay about me, that there shall not be left one physician in the whole island, at least of those I find to be ignorant ; as for those that are learned, prudent, and discreet, I shall respect and honour them as divine persons. And I say again, let Pedro Rezio quit my presence, or I shall take this chair I sit upon, and fling it at his head ; and if I am called to an account for it before the judge, when I am out of office, I will justify myself by saying, I did God service in killing a bad physician, the hangman of the public. And give 30 me to eat, or take back your government ; for an office that will not find a man in victuals is not worth two beans.”

The doctor was frightened at seeing the governor so choleric, and would have taken himself out of the hall, had not the sound of a post-horn been heard that instant in the street. The sewer, going to the window and looking out, came back, and said, "A courier is arrived from my lord duke, and must certainly have brought some despatches of importance." The courier entered sweating, and in a hurry, and, pulling a packet out of his bosom, he delivered it into the governor's hands, 10 and Sancho gave it to the steward, bidding him read the superscription, which was this: "To Don Sancho Panza, governor of the island of Barataria, to be delivered into his own hands, or into his secretary's." Which Sancho hearing, he said, "Which is my secretary here?" One of those present answered, "I am he, Sir; for I can read and write, and am a Biscainer."—"With that addition," quoth Sancho, "you may very well be secretary to the emperor himself; open the packet, and see what it contains." The new-born secretary did so, and, 20 having cast his eye over the contents, he said it was a business which required privacy. Sancho commanded the hall to be cleared, and that none should stay but the steward and the sewer; and all the rest, with the physician, being withdrawn, the secretary read the following letter:

"It is come to my knowledge, Signor Don Sancho Panza, that certain enemies of mine, and of the island, intend one of these nights to assault it furiously. You must be watchful and diligent, that they may not attack you unprepared. I am in- 30 formed, also, by trusty spies, that four persons in disguise are got into the island, to take away your life, because they are in fear of your abilities. Have your eyes about you, and be careful who is admitted to speak to you, and be sure eat nothing sent you as a present. I will take care to send you assistance, if you

are in any want of it. And, upon the whole, I do not doubt but you will act as is expected from your judgment.

“Your friend, the DUKE.”

“*From this place, the 16th of August,
at four in the morning.*”

Sancho was astonished, and the rest seemed to be so too; and turning to the steward, he said, “The first thing to be done, is to clap Doctor Rezio into prison; for if anybody has a design to kill me, it is he, and that by a lingering, and the worst of deaths, by hunger.”— 10
“It is my opinion,” answered the steward, “that your honour would do well to eat nothing of all this meat here upon the table.”—“I grant it,” quoth Sancho; “and, for the present, give me only a piece of bread, and some four pounds of grapes: no poison can be conveyed in them; for, in short, I cannot live without eating; and, if we must hold ourselves in readiness for these wars that threaten us, it will be necessary we should be well victualled. And you, secretary, answer my lord duke, and tell him his commands shall be 20 punctually obeyed, just as he gives them.”

CHAPTER XV.

To think that the things in this life will continue always in the same state is a vain expectation ; the whole seems rather to be going round, I mean in a circle. The spring is succeeded by the summer, the summer by the autumn, the autumn by the winter, and the winter by the spring again ; and thus time rolls round with a continual wheel. Even so Sancho's government ended, perished, dissolved, and vanished into smoke and a shadow.

- 10 Who being in bed the seventh night of the days of his government, not satiated with bread nor wine, but with sitting in judgment, deciding causes, and making statutes and proclamations ; and sleep, maugre and in despite of hunger, beginning to close his eyelids ; he heard so great a noise of bells and voices, that he verily thought the whole island had been sinking. He sat up in his bed, and listened attentively, to see if he could guess at the cause of so great an uproar. But so far was he from guessing that, the din of an infinite number
20 of trumpets and drums joining the noise of the bells and voices, he was in greater confusion ; and in more fear and dread than at first. And getting upon his feet, he put on his slippers, because of the dampness of the floor. He went out at his chamber door, and instantly

perceived more than twenty persons coming along the gallery, with lighted torches in their hands, and their swords drawn, all crying aloud : " Arm, arm, my lord governor, arm ; for an infinite number of enemies are entered the island, and we are undone, if your conduct and valour do not succour us." With this noise and uproar, they came where Sancho stood, astonished and stupefied with what he heard and saw. And when they were come up to him, one of them said, " Arm yourself straight, my lord, unless you would be ruined, and the whole island with you."—" What have I to do with arming," replied Sancho, " who know nothing of arms or succours ? It were better to leave these matters to my master Don Quixote, who will despatch them and secure us in a trice ; for, as I am a sinner to God, I understand nothing at all of these hurly-burles."—" Alack, Signor Governor," said another, " what faint heartedness is this ? Arm yourself, Sir ; for here we bring you weapons offensive and defensive ; and come forth to the market-place, and be our leader and our captain, since you ought to be so, as being our governor."—" Arm me, then, in God's name," replied Sancho ; and instantly they brought him a couple of old targets, which they had purposely provided, and clapped them over his shirt, the one before and the other behind. They thrust his arms through certain holes they had made in them, and tied them well with some cord ; insomuch that he remained walled and boarded up straight like a spindle, without being able to bend his knees, or walk one single step. They put a lance into his hand, upon which he leaned, to keep himself upon his feet. Thus accoutred, they desired him to march,

and to lead and encourage them all ; for he being their north pole, their lantern, and their morning-star, their affairs would have a prosperous issue. "How should I march, wretch that I am," answered Sancho, "when I cannot stir my knee-pans ? For I am hindered by these boards, which press so close and hard upon my flesh. Your only way is to carry me in your arms, and lay me athwart, or set me upright at some postern, which I will maintain, either with my lance or my body."—"Fie, Signor Governor," cried another, "it is more fear than the targets that hinders your marching. Have done, for shame, and bestir yourself ; for it is late, the enemy increases, the cry grows louder, and the danger presses."

At which persuasions and reproaches the poor governor tried to stir, and down he fell, with such violence that he thought he had dashed himself to pieces. He lay like a tortoise enclosed and covered with his shell, or like a flitch of bacon between two trays, or like a boat with the keel upwards upon the sands. And though they saw him fall, those jesting rogues had not the least compassion on him ; on the contrary, putting out their torches, they reinforced the clamour, and reiterated the alarm with such hurry and bustle, trampling over poor Sancho, and giving him an hundred thwacks upon the targets, that, if he had not gathered himself up, and shrunk in his head between the bucklers, it had gone hard with the poor governor ; who, crumpled up in that narrow compass, recommended himself to God from the bottom of his heart, to deliver him from that danger. Some stumbled, others fell over him ; and one there was, who, getting upon him, stood there for a good

while, and from thence, as from a watch-tower, commanded the troops, and with a loud voice, cried : “ This way, brave boys ; here the enemy charges thickest ; guard that postern ; shut yon gate ; down with those scaling-ladders ; this way with your caldrons of rosin, pitch, and burning oil ; barricado the streets with wool-packs.” In short, he named, in the utmost hurry, all the necessary implements and engines of war used in defence of a city assaulted. The poor battered Sancho, who heard and bore all, said to himself : “ Oh, if it were 10 Heaven’s good pleasure that this island were once lost, and I could see myself either dead or out of this great strait ! ” Heaven heard this petition, and, when he least expected it, he heard voices crying, “ Victory, victory ! the enemy is routed ; rise, Signor Governor, enjoy the conquest, and divide the spoils taken from the foe by the valour of that invincible arm.”—“ Let me be lifted up,” quoth the dolorous Sancho, with a doleful voice. They helped him to rise ; and when he was got upon his legs, he said : “ May all the enemies I have van- 20 quished be nailed to my forehead ; I will divide no spoils of enemies ; but I entreat and beseech some friend, if I have any, to give me a draught of wine, for I am almost choked.” They rubbed him down ; they brought him wine ; they untied the targets. He sat down upon his bed, and swooned away with the fright, surprise, and fatigue he had undergone. Those who had played him the trick began to be sorry they had laid it on so heavily. But Sancho’s coming to himself moderated the pain they were in at his fainting away. 30 He asked what o’clock it was ; they told him it was daybreak. He held his peace, and, without saying any

more, he began to dress himself, while they remained buried in silence. They all stared at him, in expectation of what would be the issue of his dressing himself in such haste.

In short, having put on his clothes, by little and little (for he was so bruised he could not do it hastily), he took the way to the stable, everybody present following him ; and going to Dapple, he embraced him, and gave him a kiss of peace on the forehead ; and, not without
10 tears in his eyes, he said : “ Come hither, my companion, my friend, and partner in my fatigues and miseries. When I consorted with thee, and had no other thoughts but the care of mending thy furniture, and feeding thy little carcass, happy were my hours, my days, and my years. But since I forsook thee, and mounted upon the towers of ambition and pride, a thousand miseries, a thousand toils, and four thousand disquiets, have entered into my soul.” And while he was talking thus, he went on pannelling his ass, without
20 anybody’s saying a word to him. Dapple being pannelled, he got upon him, with great pain and heaviness, and directing his speech to the steward, the secretary, the sewer, and Doctor Pedro Rezio, and many others that were present, he said : “ Give way, gentlemen, and suffer me to return to my ancient liberty ; suffer me to seek my past life, that I may rise again from this present death. I was not born to be a governor, nor to defend islands, or cities, from enemies that assault them. I better understand how to plough and dig, how to prune
30 and dress vines, than how to give laws and defend provinces and kingdoms. Saint Peter is well at Rome : I mean that nothing becomes a man so well as the

employment he was born for. In my hand a sickle is better than a governor's sceptre. I had rather have my belly full of my own poor porridge, than be subject to the misery of an impertinent physician, who kills me with hunger ; and I had rather lay myself down under the shade of an oak in summer, and equip myself with a double sheep-skin jerkin in winter, at my liberty, than lie under the slavery of a government, between holland sheets, and be clothed in sables. Gentlemen, God be with you ; and tell my lord duke, that naked was I 10 born, and naked I am ; I neither win nor lose ; I mean, that without a penny came I to this government, and without a penny do I quit it, the direct reverse of the governors of other islands. Give me way, and let me begone to plaster myself ; for I verily believe all my ribs are broken ; thanks to the enemies, who have been trampling upon me all night long."

To which the steward said : " Signor Governor, we will let your lordship depart with all our hearts, though we shall be very sorry to lose you." So they all con- 20 sented, and suffered him to depart, offering first to bear him company, and to furnish everything he desired for the use of his person, and the conveniency of his journey. Sancho said he desired only a little barley for Dapple, and half a cheese and half a loaf for himself ; for, since the way was so short, he stood in need of nothing more, nor any other provision. They all embraced him, and he, weeping, embraced them again, and left them in admiration as well at his discourse, as at his so resolute and discreet determination.

CHAPTER XVI.

[SANCHO returns to his master at the Duke's castle, where meanwhile Donna Rodriguez, a lady of the Duchess's court, has appealed to Don Quixote on behalf of her daughter, who has been deserted by her promised husband. Don Quixote immediately challenges the young man to mortal combat.]

The duke and duchess resolved that Don Quixote's challenge of their vassal, for the cause above-mentioned, should go forward ; and, though the young man was in
10 Flanders, whither he was fled to avoid having Donna Rodriguez for his mother-in-law, they gave orders for putting in his place a Gascon lackey called Tosilos, instructing him previously in everything he was to do. About two days after, the duke said to Don Quixote, that his opponent would be there in four days, and present himself in the lists, armed as a knight, and would maintain that the damsel lied by half the beard, and even by the whole beard, if she said he had given her a promise of marriage. Don Quixote was highly
20 delighted with the news, and promised himself to do wonders upon the occasion, esteeming it a special happiness that an opportunity offered of demonstrating to their grandeurs how far the valour of his puissant arm

extended ; and so, with pleasure and satisfaction, he waited the four days, which, in the account of his impatience, were four hundred ages.

The duke and duchess repented not of the jest put upon Sancho Panza, in relation to the government they had given him, especially since their steward came home that very day, and gave them a punctual relation of almost all the words and actions Sancho had said and done during that time. In short, he exaggerated the assault of the island, with Sancho's 10 fright and departure ; at which they were not a little pleased.

After this the appointed day of combat came ; and the duke having over and over again instructed his lackey Tosilos how he should behave towards Don Quixote, so as to overcome him without killing or wounding him, commanded that the iron heads should be taken off their lances ; telling Don Quixote, that Christianity, upon which he valued himself, did not allow that this battle should be fought with so much 20 peril and hazard of their lives, and that he should content himself with giving them free field-room in his territories ; and therefore would not push the affair to the utmost extremity. Don Quixote replied, that his excellency might dispose matters relating to this business as he liked best, for he would obey him in everything. The dreadful day being now come, and the duke having commanded a spacious scaffold to be erected before the court of the castle for the judges of the field, and the two duennas, mother and daughter, appellants ; an 30 infinite number of people, from all the neighbouring towns and villages, flocked to see the novelty of this

combat, the like having never been heard of in that country, neither by the living nor the dead.

The first who entered the field and the pale was the master of the ceremonies, who examined the ground, and walked it all over, that there might be no foul play, not anything covered to occasion stumbling or falling. Then entered the duennas, and took their seats, covered with veils to their eyes and even to their breasts with tokens of no small concern. Don Quixote presented
10 himself in the lists. A while after appeared on one side of the place, accompanied by many trumpets, and mounted upon a puissant steed, making the earth shake under him, the great lackey Tosilos, his visor down, and quite stiffened with strong and shining armour. The horse seemed to be a Friseland, well spread and flea-bitten, with a quarter of a hundred weight of wool about each fetlock. The valorous combatant came well instructed by the duke his lord how to behave towards the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, and cautioned
20 in no wise to hurt him, but to endeavour to shun the first onset, to avoid the danger of his own death, which must be inevitable, should he encounter him full-butt. He traversed the lists, and coming where the duennas were, he set himself to view awhile her who demanded him for her husband. The marshal of the field called Don Quixote, who had presented himself in the lists, and, together with Tosilos, asked the duennas, whether they consented that Don Quixote de la Mancha should maintain their right. They answered that they did,
30 and that whatever he should do in the case, they allowed it for well done, firm, and valid. By this time the duke and duchess were seated in a balcony over the barriers,

which were crowded with an infinite number of people, all expecting to behold this dangerous and unheard-of battle. It was articulated between the combatants, that if Don Quixote should conquer his adversary, the latter should be obliged to marry Donna Rodriguez's daughter ; and, if he should be overcome, his adversary should be at his liberty, and free from the promise the women insisted upon, without giving any other satisfaction. The master of the ceremonies divided the sun equally between them, and fixed each in the post he was to stand in. The drums beat ; the sound of the trumpets filled the air ; the earth trembled beneath their feet ; the hearts of the gazing multitude were in suspense, some fearing, others hoping the good or ill success of this business. Finally, Don Quixote, recommending himself with all his heart to God our Lord, and to the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, stood waiting when the precise signal for the onset should be given. But our lackey's thoughts were very differently employed ; for he thought of nothing but of what I am going to relate. 20

It seems, while he stood looking at his female enemy, he fancied her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in his life, and the little blind boy, called up and down the streets Love, would not lose the opportunity offered him ; and so approaching him fair and softly without anybody's seeing him, he shot the poor lackey in at the left side with an arrow two yards long, and pierced his heart through and through ; and he might safely do it ; for Love is invincible, and goes in and out where he lists, without being accountable to anybody for his actions.

I say then, that when the signal was given for the

onset, our lackey stood transported, thinking on her he had now made the mistress of his liberty, and therefore regarded not the trumpet's sound, as did Don Quixote, who had scarcely heard it, when bending forward, he ran against his enemy, at Rozinante's best speed; and his trusty squire Sancho, seeing him set forward, cried aloud: "God guide you, cream and flower of knights-errant; God give you victory, since you have right on your side." And though Tosilos
10 saw Don Quixote making towards him, he stirred not a step from his post, but called as loud as he could to the marshal of the field, who, coming up to see what he wanted, Tosilos said: "Sir, is not this combat to decide, whether I shall marry, or not marry, yonder young lady?"—"It is," answered the marshal.—"Then," said the lackey, "my conscience will not let me proceed any farther; and I declare that I yield myself vanquished, and am ready to marry that gentlewoman immediately." The marshal was surprised at
20 what Tosilos said, and as he was in the secret of the contrivance, he could not tell what answer to make him. Don Quixote, perceiving that his adversary did not come on to meet him, stopped short in the midst of his career. The duke could not guess the reason why the combat did not go forward; but the marshal went and told him what Tosilos had said; at which he was surprised and extremely angry. In the meantime, Tosilos went up to the place where Donna Rodriguez was, and said aloud: "I am willing, Madam,
30 to marry your daughter, and would not obtain that by strife and contention, which I may have by peace, and without danger of death." The valorous Don

Quixote hearing all this, said : " Since it is so, I am absolved from my promise ; let them be married in God's name, and since God has given her, Saint Peter bless her." The duke was now come down to the court of the castle, and going up to Tosilos, he said : " Is it true, knight, that you yield yourself vanquished, and that, instigated by your timorous conscience, you will marry this damsel ?"—" Yes, my lord," answered Tosilos. " He does very well," quoth Sancho Panza at this juncture ; " for what you would give to the 10 mouse, give it the cat, and you will have no trouble." Tosilos was all this while unlacing his helmet, and desired them to help him quickly, for his spirits and breath were just failing him, and he could not endure to be so long pent up in the straitness of that lodging. They presently unarmed him, and the face of the lackey was exposed to view. Which Donna Rodriguez and her daughter seeing, they cried aloud : " A cheat, a cheat ! Tosilos, my lord duke's lackey is put upon us instead of our true spouse ; justice from God and the king 20 against so much deceit, not to say villainy."—" Afflict not yourselves, ladies," said Don Quixote ; " for this is neither deceit nor villainy, and if it be, the duke is not to blame, but the wicked enchanter who persecute me, and who, envying me the glory of this conquest, have transformed the countenance of your husband into that of this person, who, you say, is a lackey of the duke's. Take my advice, and in spite of the malice of my enemies, marry him ; for without doubt he is the very man you desire to take for your husband." 30 The duke hearing this, was ready to vent his anger in laughter, and said : " The things which befall Signor

Don Quixote are so extraordinary, that I am inclined to believe this is not my lackey ; but let us make use of this stratagem and device ; let us postpone the wedding for fifteen days, if you please, and in the meantime keep this person, who holds us in doubt, in safe custody : perhaps, during that time, he may return to his pristine figure ; for the grudge the enchanters bear to Signor Don Quixote cannot surely last so long, and especially since these tricks and transformations
10 avail them so little." To which Rodriguez's daughter said : " Let him be who he will, that demands me to wife, I take it kindly of him ; for I had rather be a lawful wife to a lackey, than tricked by a gentleman, though he who abused me is not one." In short, all these accidents and events ended in Tosilos's confinement, till it should appear what his transformation would come to. The victory was adjudged to Don Quixote by a general acclamation ; but the greater
20 part of the spectators were out of humour to find, that the so-much-expected combatants had not hacked one another to pieces ; just as boys are sorry when the criminal they expected to see hanged is pardoned, either by the prosecutor or the court.

The crowd dispersed ; the duke and Don Quixote returned to the castle ; Tosilos was confined ; and Donna Rodriguez and her daughter were extremely well pleased to see, that, one way or other, this business was like to end in matrimony, and Tosilos hoped no less.

CHAPTER XVII.

DON QUIXOTE now thought it high time to quit so idle a life as that he had led in the castle, thinking he committed a great fault in suffering his person to be thus confined, and in living lazily amidst the infinite pleasures and entertainments the duke and duchess provided for him as a knight-errant; and he was of opinion he must give a strict account to God for this inactivity. And therefore he one day asked leave of those princes that he might depart, which they granted him, with tokens of being mightily troubled that he 10 would leave them.

[Taking leave of the duke and duchess with much politeness on both sides, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza ride on their way to Barcelona, and on reaching it are entertained by a friend, Don Antonio Moreno, who makes much of them. Meanwhile, however, the knight's friends and relatives at La Mancha, distressed by his long wanderings, have devised a plan which they hope will at last cure him of his folly, and induce him to live quietly at home.] 20

One morning Don Quixote being sallied forth to take the air on the strand, armed at all points (for, as he was wont to say, his arms were his finery, and his recreation fighting, and so he was seldom without them), he per-

ceived advancing toward him a knight, armed likewise at all points. On his shield was painted a resplendent moon; and, when he was come near enough to be heard, he raised his voice, and, directing it to Don Quixote, he said: "Illustrious knight, and never-enough-renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, I am the Knight of the White Moon, whose unheard-of exploits, perhaps, may bring him to your remembrance. I come to enter into combat with you, and to try the
10 strength of your arm, in order to make you know and confess, that my mistress, be she who she will, is, without comparison, more beautiful than your Dulcinea del Toboso; which truth if you do immediately and fairly confess, you will save your own life, and me the trouble of taking it from you; and if you fight, and are vanquished by me, all the satisfaction I expect is, that you lay aside arms, forbear going in quest of adventures, and retire home to your house for the space of one year, where you shall live, without laying hand to your
20 sword, in profound peace and profitable repose; which will redound both to the improvement of your estate, and the salvation of your soul; and if you shall vanquish me, my head shall lie at your mercy, the spoils of my horse and arms shall be yours, and the fame of my exploits shall be transferred from me to you. Consider which is best for you, and answer me presently; for this business must be despatched this very day."

Don Quixote was surprised and amazed, as well at the arrogance of the Knight of the White Moon, as at
30 the reason of his being challenged by him; and so, with gravity composed, and countenance severe, he answered: "Knight of the White Moon, whose achieve-

ments have not as yet reached my ears, I dare swear you never saw the illustrious Dulcinea ; for, had you seen her, I am confident you would have taken care not to engage in this trial, since the sight of her must have undeceived, and convinced you, that there never was, nor ever can be, a beauty comparable to hers ; and, therefore, without giving you the lie, and only saying you are mistaken, I accept your challenge, with the afore-mentioned conditions ; and that upon the spot, that the day allotted for this business may not 10 first elapse ; and out of the conditions I only except the transfer of your exploits, because I do not know what they are, nor that they are : I am contented with my own, such as they are. Take, then, what part of the field you please, and I will do the like, and, to whom God shall give her, Saint Peter give his blessing.”

The arrival of the Knight of the White Moon was soon made known, and the viceroy of the city was informed that he was in conference with Don Quixote de la Mancha. The viceroy, believing it was some new 20 adventure, contrived by Don Antonio Moreno, or by some other gentleman of the town, immediately rode out to the strand, accompanied by Don Antonio, and a great many other gentlemen ; and arrived just as Don Quixote had wheeled Rozinante about to take the necessary ground for his career. The viceroy perceiving they were both ready to turn for the encounter, interposed, asking, what induced them to so sudden a fight. The Knight of the White Moon answered, it was the precedence of beauty ; and told him, in a few words, 30 what he had said to Don Quixote, and that the conditions of the combat were agreed to on both sides. The viceroy

asked Don Antonio, in his ear, whether he knew who the Knight of the White Moon was, and whether it was some jest designed to be put upon Don Quixote. Don Antonio answered that he neither knew who he was, nor whether this challenge was in jest or earnest. This answer perplexed the viceroy, putting him in doubt whether he should suffer them to proceed to the combat ; but, inclining rather to believe it could be nothing but a jest, he went aside, saying : “ If there is no other
10 remedy, knights, but to confess or die, and if Signor Don Quixote persists in denying, and your Worship of the White Moon in affirming, at it, in God’s name.” He of the White Moon thanked the viceroy in courtly and discreet terms for the leave he gave them ; and Don Quixote did the same ; who, recommending himself to Heaven with all his heart, and to his Dulcinea (as was his custom at the beginning of the combats that offered), wheeled about again, to fetch a larger compass, because he saw his adversary did the like ; and without
20 sound of trumpet or other warlike instrument, to give the signal for the onset, they both turned their horses about at the same instant ; and he of the White Moon, being the nimblest, met Don Quixote at two-thirds of the career, and there encountered him with such impetuous force (not touching him with his lance, which he seemed to raise on purpose), that he gave Rozinante and Don Quixote a perilous fall to the ground. Presently he was upon him, and clapping his lance to his visor, he said : “ Knight, you are vanquished, and a dead
30 man, if you do not confess the conditions of our challenge.” Don Quixote, bruised and stunned, without lifting up his visor, as if he was speaking from within

a tomb, in a feeble and low voice, said : “ Dulcinea del Toboso is the most beautiful woman in the world, and I the most unfortunate knight on earth, and it is not fit that my weakness should discredit this truth ; knight, push on your lance, and take away my life, since you have spoiled me of my honour.”—“ By no means,” said he of the White Moon : “ live, live the fame of the beauty of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, in its full lustre ; all the satisfaction I demand is, that the great Don Quixote retire home to his own town for a year, 10 or till such time as I shall command, according to our agreement before we began this battle.” All this was heard by the viceroy, Don Antonio, and many other persons there present ; who also heard Don Quixote reply that, since he required nothing of him to the prejudice of Dulcinea, he would perform all the rest like a punctual and true knight.

This confession being made, he of the White Moon turned about his horse, and making a bow with his head to the viceroy, at a half gallop entered into the 20 city. The viceroy ordered Don Antonio to follow him, and by all means to learn who he was. They raised Don Quixote from the ground, and uncovering his face, found him pale, and in a cold sweat. Rozinante, out of pure ill plight, could not stir for the present. Sancho, quite sorrowful and cast down, knew not what to do or say. He fancied all that had happened to be a dream, and that all this business was matter of enchantment : he saw his master vanquished, and under an obligation not to bear arms during a whole year ; he imagined 30 the light of the glory of his achievements obscured, and the hopes of his late promises dissipated as smoke by



the wind ; he was afraid Rozinante's bones were quite broken, and his master's disjointed, and wished it might prove no worse. Finally, Don Quixote was carried back

to the city in a chair the viceroy had commanded to be brought; and the viceroy also returned thither, impatient to learn who the Knight of the White Moon was that had left Don Quixote in such evil plight.

Don Antonio Moreno followed the Knight of the White Moon. A great number of boys also pursued and persecuted him, till they had lodged him at an inn within the city. Don Antonio went in after him, being desirous to know who he was. His squire came out to receive and unarm him. He shut himself up in a lower 10 room, and with him Don Antonio, whose cake was dough till he knew who he was. He of the White Moon, perceiving that this gentleman would not leave him, said: "I very well know, Sir, the design of your coming, which is to learn who I am; and, because there is no occasion for concealing it, while my servant is unarming me, I will inform you, without deviating a tittle from the truth. Know, Sir, that I am called the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco: I am of the same town with Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose madness and folly move 20 all that know him to compassion. Of those who had most pity for him, was I; and, believing his recovery to depend upon his being quiet, and staying at home in his own house, I contrived how to make him continue there. And so I sallied forth to the highway like a knight-errant, designing to fight with him, and vanquish him, without doing him harm, the condition of our combat being that the vanquished should remain at the discretion of the vanquisher; and what I intended to enjoin him, was that he should return to his village, 30 and not stir out of it in a whole year; in which time he might be cured. And, as he is so exact and punctual

in observing the laws of knight-errantry, he will doubtless keep that I have laid upon him, and will be as good as his word. This, Sir, is the business ; and I have nothing to add, but only to entreat you not to discover me, nor to let Don Quixote know who I am, that my good intentions may take effect, and his understanding be restored to a man, who has a very good one, if the follies of the follies of chivalry do but leave him.”—

“ Oh ! Sir,” replied Don Antonio, “ God forgive you
10 the injury you have done the whole world in endeavouring to restore to his senses the most diverting madman in it. Do you not see, Sir, that the benefit of his recovery will not counterbalance the pleasure his extravagances afford ? But, I fancy, that all Signor Bachelor’s industry will not be sufficient to recover a man so consummately mad ; and were it not against the rule of charity, I would say, may Don Quixote never be recovered ; for by his cure, we not only lose his pleasantries, but those of his squire Sancho Panza too ; any one of which is
20 enough to make Melancholy herself merry. Nevertheless I will hold my peace, and tell him nothing, to try if I am right in suspecting that all Signor Carrasco’s diligence is likely to be fruitless.” Carrasco answered, “ that all things considered, the business was in a promising way, and he hoped for good success.” Don Antonio, having offered his service in whatever else he pleased to command him, took his leave. The same day, the bachelor, having caused his armour to be tied upon the back of a mule, rode out of the city upon the
30 same horse on which he entered the fight, and returned to his native place, nothing befalling him by the way worthy to be recorded in this faithful history. Don

Antonio recounted to the viceroy all that Carrasco had told him ; at which the viceroy was not much pleased, considering that Don Quixote's confinement would put an end to all that diversion which his follies administered to those that knew him.

Six days Don Quixote lay in bed, chagrined, melancholy, thoughtful, and peevish, his imagination still dwelling upon the unhappy business of his defeat. Sancho strove to comfort him, and, among other things, said : " Dear Sir, hold up your head, and be cheerful 10 if you can, and give Heaven thanks, that though you got a swinging fall, you did not come off with a rib broken ; and since you know that they who will give must take, and that there are not always bacon-flitches where there are pins, cry, ' A fig for the physician,' since you have no need of his help in this distemper. Let us return home, and leave this rambling in quest of adventures through countries and places unknown ; and if it be well considered, I am the greater loser, though your worship be the greater sufferer. I, who 20 with the government, quitted the desire of ever governing more, did not quit the desire of being an earl, which will never come to pass, if your worship refuses being a king, by quitting the exercise of chivalry ; and so my hopes vanish into smoke."—" Peace, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, " since you see my confinement and retirement is not to last above a year, and then I will resume my honourable profession, and shall not want a kingdom to win for myself, nor an earldom to bestow on you."—" God hear it," quoth Sancho, " and let sin be deaf ; 30 for I have always been told that a good expectation is better than a bad possession."

Some days after, Don Quixote departed with his squire, his fall not permitting him to travel sooner, Don Quixote unarmed, and in a travelling dress, and Sancho on foot, because Dapple was loaded with the armour.

CHAPTER XVIII.

At going out of Barcelona, Don Quixote turned about to see the spot where he was overthrown, and said : "Here stood Troy ; here my misfortunes, not my cowardice, despoiled me of my acquired glory ; here I experienced the fickleness of fortune ; here the lustre of my exploits was obscured ; and lastly, here fell my happiness, never to rise again." Which Sancho hearing, he said : "It is as much the part of valiant minds, dear Sir, to be patient under misfortunes, as to rejoice in prosperity ; and this I judge by myself : for as, 10 when a governor, I was merry, now that I am a squire on foot, I am not sad ; for I have heard say, that she they commonly call Fortune, is a capricious dame, and above all, very blind ; so that she does not see what she is about, nor knows whom she casts down, or whom she exalts."—"You are much of a philosopher, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "and talk very discreetly ; I know not whence you had it. What I can tell you is, that there is no such thing in the world as Fortune, nor do the things which happen in it, be they good or 20 bad, fall out by chance, but by the particular appointment of Heaven ; and hence comes the saying, that every man is the maker of his own fortune. I have been so of mine, but not with all the prudence necessary ;

and my presumption has succeeded accordingly : for I ought to have considered that the feebleness of Rozinante was not a match for the ponderous bulk of the Knight of the White Moon's steed. In short, I adventured it ; I did my best ; I was overthrown ; and, though I lost my honour, I lost not, nor could I lose, the virtue of performing my promise. When I was a knight-errant, daring and valiant, by my works I gained credit to my exploits ; and now that I am but a walking
10 squire, I will gain reputation to my words, by performing my promise. March on then, friend Sancho, and let us pass at home the year of our noviciate ; by which retreat we shall acquire fresh vigour, to return to the never-by-me-forgotten exercise of arms."—" Sir," answered Sancho, " trudging on foot is no such pleasant thing, as to encourage or incite me to travel great days' journeys : let us leave this armour hanging upon some tree, instead of a hanged man ; and when I am mounted upon Dapple, my feet from the ground, we will travel
20 as your worship shall like and lead the way ; for to think that I am to foot it, and make large stages, is to expect what cannot be."—" You have said well, Sancho," answered Don Quixote ; " hang up my armour for a trophy ; and under them, or round about them, we will carve on the tree that, which was written on the trophy of Orlando's arms :

' These arms let none attempt to wear
Unless they Roldan's rage can bear.' "

" All this seems to me extremely right," answered
30 Sancho, " and were it not for the want we should have of Rozinante upon the road, it would not be amiss to leave him hanging too."—" Neither him, nor the armour,"

replied Don Quixote, "will I suffer to be hanged, that it may not be said *For good service, bad recompense.*"—"Your worship says well," answered Sancho; "for according to the opinion of the wise, the ass's fault should not be laid upon the pack-saddle, and since your worship is in fault for this business, punish yourself, and let not your fury spend itself upon the already shattered and bloody armour, nor upon the gentleness of Rozinante, nor upon the tenderness of my feet, making them travel more than they can bear." 10

In these reasonings and discourses they passed all that day, and even four more, without encountering anything to put them out of their way. And on the fifth, they ascended a little hill, from whence they discovered their village; which as soon as Sancho beheld, he kneeled down, and said: "Open thine eyes, O desired country, and behold thy son Sancho Panza, returning to thee again, if not very rich, yet very well whipped: open thine arms, and receive likewise thy son Don Quixote, who if he comes conquered by another's 20 hand, yet he comes a conqueror of himself, which, as I have heard him say, is the greatest victory that can be desired. Money I have; for if I have been well whipped, I am come off like a gentleman."—"Leave these fooleries, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "and let us go directly home to our village, where we will give full scope to our imaginations, and settle the plan we intend to govern ourselves by, in our pastoral life." This said, they descended the hill, and went directly to the village. 30

At the entrance of the village, in a little meadow, they found the priest, and the Bachelor Sampson

Carrasco, repeating their breviary. The priest and the bachelor presently knew them both, and came running to them with open arms. Don Quixote alighted, and embraced them closely; and the boys, who are sharp-sighted as lynxes, espying the ass's mitre, flocked to view him, and said to one another: "Come, boys, and you shall see Sancho Panza's ass finer than Mingo, and Don Quixote's beast leaner than ever." Finally, surrounded with boys, and accompanied by
10 the priest and the bachelor, they entered the village, and took the way to Don Quixote's house, where they found at the door the housekeeper and the niece, who had already heard the news of his arrival. It had likewise reached the ears of Teresa Panza, Sancho's wife, who, with her hair about her ears, and dragging her daughter Sanchica after her, ran to see her husband: and seeing him not so well equipped as she imagined a governor ought to be, she said: "What makes you come thus, dear husband? Methinks you come afoot, and
20 foundered, and look more like a misgoverned person, than a governor."—"Peace, Teresa," answered Sancho; "for there is not always bacon where there are pins to hang it on; and let us go to our house, where you shall hear wonders. Money I bring with me (which is the main business), got by my own industry, and without damage to anybody."—"Bring but money, my good husband," cried Teresa, "and let it be got this way or that way; for, get it how you will, you will have brought up no new custom in the world." Sanchica embraced
30 her father, and asked if he had brought her anything; for she had been wishing for him, as people do for rain in May; and, she taking hold of his belt on one side,

and his wife taking him by the hand on the other, Sanchica pulling Dapple after her, they went home to their house, leaving Don Quixote in his, in the power of his niece and the housekeeper, and in the company of the priest and the bachelor.

Don Quixote, without standing upon times or seasons, in that very instant went apart with the bachelor and the priest, and related to them in a few words how he was vanquished, and the obligation he lay under, not to stir from his village in a year ; which he intended 10 punctually to observe, without transgressing a tittle, as became a true knight-errant, obliged by the strict precepts of chivalry. He also told them how he had resolved to turn shepherd for that year, and to pass his time in the solitude of the fields, where he might give the reins to his amorous thoughts, exercising himself in that pastoral and virtuous employment ; beseeching them, if they had leisure, and were not engaged in business of greater consequence, to bear him company ; telling them he would purchase sheep and stock suffi- 20 cient to give them the name of shepherds ; acquainting them also, that the principal part of the business was already done, he having chosen for them names as fit as if they had been cast in a mould. The priest desired him to repeat them. Don Quixote answered, that he himself was to be called the Shepherd Quixotiz ; the bachelor, the Shepherd Carrascon ; the priest, the Shepherd Curiambro, and Sancho Panza, the Shepherd Panzino. They were astonished at this new madness of Don Quixote ; but to prevent his rambling once more 30 from his village, and resuming chivalries, and in hopes he might be cured in that year, they fell in with his

new project, and applauded his folly as an high piece of discretion, offering to be his companions in that exercise. "Besides," said Sampson Carrasco, "I, as everybody knows, am an excellent poet, and shall be composing at every turn, pastoral or courtly verses, or such as shall be most for my purpose, to amuse and divert us as we range the fields. But, gentlemen, the first and chief thing necessary, is, that each of us choose the name of the shepherdess he intends to celebrate in
10 his verses, and we will not leave a tree, be it never so hard, in whose bark we will not inscribe and grave her name, as is the fashion and custom of enamoured shepherds."—"That is very right," answered Don Quixote ; "though I need not trouble myself to look for a feigned name, having the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the glory of these banks, the ornament of these meads, the support of beauty, the cream of good humour, and, lastly, the worthy subject of all praise, be it never so hyperbolical." The priest highly applauded his virtuous
20 and honourable resolution, and again offered to bear him company all the time he could spare from attending the duties of his function. With this they took their leave of him, desiring and entreating him to take care of his health, and make much of himself with good heartening things.

Now fortune would have it, that his niece and house-keeper overheard their conversation ; and as soon as these two were gone, they both came in to Don Quixote ; and the niece said : "What is the meaning of this,
30 uncle ? Now that we thought your worship was returned with a resolution to stay at home, and live a quiet and decent life, you have a mind to involve yourself in new

labyrinths, by turning shepherd. In truth, the straw is too hard to make pipes of." To which the housekeeper added : " And can your worship bear in the fields the summer's sultry heat, the winter's pinching cold, and the howling of the wolves ? No, certainly ; for this is the business of robust fellows, tanned and bred to such employment, as it were, from their cradles and swaddling clothes. And, of the two evils, it is better to be a knight-errant than a shepherd. Look you, Sir, take my advice, which is not given by one full of bread 10 and wine, but fasting, and with fifty years over my head : stay at home, look after your estate, go often to confession, and relieve the poor ; and if any ill comes of it, let it lie at my door."—" Peace, daughters," answered Don Quixote ; " for I know perfectly what I have to do. Lead me to bed ; for, methinks, I am not very well ; and assure yourselves, that whether I am a knight-errant, or a wandering shepherd, I will not fail to provide for you, as you shall find by experience." The two good women (for doubtless such they were), the housekeeper 20 and niece, carried him to bed, where they gave him to eat, and made as much of him as possible.

CHAPTER XIX.

As all human things, especially the lives of men, are transitory, incessantly declining from their beginning, till they arrive at their final period ; and as that of Don Quixote had no peculiar privilege from Heaven, to exempt it from the common fate, his end and dissolution came, when he least thought of it. For, whether it proceeded from the melancholy occasioned by finding himself vanquished, or from the disposition of Heaven so decreeing it, he was seized with a fever, which confined
10 him six days to his bed, in which time he was frequently visited by the priest, the bachelor, and the barber, his friends ; his trusty squire Sancho Panza never stirring from his bedside. His friends sent for a physician, who felt his pulse, and did not much like it, and said, come what would, it would not be amiss for him to look to his soul's health, that of his body being in danger. Don Quixote heard it with composure of mind ; but not so did his housekeeper, his niece, and his squire, who all began to weep most bitterly, as if he were already dead.
20 It was the doctor's opinion, that melancholy and disappointment had brought him to his end. Don Quixote desired they would leave him, for he was inclined to sleep a little.

They did so, and he slept at a stretch, as the saying

is, above six hours, insomuch that the housekeeper and the niece thought he would never awake more. But awake he did at the end of that time, and, with a loud voice, said : " Blessed be Almighty God, who has vouchsafed me so great a good ; in short, his mercies have no bounds, and the sins of men can neither lessen nor obstruct them." The niece listened attentively to her uncle's words, and she thought there was more sense in them than usual, at least since his sickness, and she said to him : " What is it you say, Sir ? Has anything extraordinary happened ? What mercies and what sins do you speak of ?"—" Niece," answered Don Quixote, " the mercies I mean, are those God has been pleased, notwithstanding my sins, to vouchsafe me at this instant. My judgment is now undisturbed, and free from those dark clouds of ignorance, with which my eager and continual reading of those detestable books of chivalry had obscured it. Now I perceive the absurdity and delusion of them, and am only sorry I am undeceived so late, that I have no time left to make some amends, 20 by reading others that might help to enlighten my soul. I feel myself, niece, at the point of death, and I would fain so order it as not to leave the imputation of madness upon my memory ; for, though I must confess I have been a madman, I would not confirm the truth of it at my death. Dear child, call hither my good friends, the priest, the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and Master Nicholas the barber ; for I would make my confession and my will." But this trouble was saved the niece by the coming of all three. 30

Scarcely had Don Quixote set his eyes on them, when he cried out : " Give me joy, good gentlemen, that I

am now no longer Don Quixote de la Mancha, but Alonzo Quixano, for his virtues surnamed the Good. I am now an utter enemy to Amadis de Gaul, and the innumerable rabble of his descendants : now all the histories of knight-errantry are to me odious and profane ; I am now sensible of my folly, and of the danger I was led into by reading them ; and now, through the mercy of God, and my own dear-bought experience, I detest and abhor them." When his three friends heard
10 him speak thus, they believed for certain, that some new frenzy had possessed him. But Don Quixote said : " I feel, gentlemen, the quick approach of death : let us be serious, and bring me a confessor, and a notary to draw my will ; for in such circumstances as these, a man must not trifle with his soul ; and therefore I beseech you, while my friend the priest is taking my confession, let the notary be fetched." They stared at one another, wondering at Don Quixote's expressions, and, though still in some doubt, they resolved to believe
20 him ; and one of the signs by which they conjectured he was dying, was his passing by so easy and sudden a transition, from mad to sober. To the words he had already spoken he added others, so proper, so rational, and so Christian, that their doubt was quite removed, and they verily believed him in his perfect senses. The priest made everybody leave the room, and stayed with him alone, and confessed him. The bachelor went for the notary, and presently returned with him, and with Sancho Panza, who having learned from the bachelor
30 in what condition his master was, besides finding the housekeeper and the niece in tears, began to pucker up his face, and to fall a-blubbering. The confession

ended, the priest came out of the room, saying : “ Good Alonzo Quixano is just expiring, and certainly in his right mind ; let us all go in, that he may make his will.” This news opened the sluices of the swollen eyes of the housekeeper, the niece, and Sancho Panza, his trusty squire, in such wise, that it forced a torrent of tears from their eyes, and a thousand groans from their breasts : for, in truth, as has been said before, both while he was plain Alonzo Quixano, and while he was Don Quixote de la Mancha, he was ever of an amiable 10 disposition, and affable behaviour, and was therefore beloved, not only by those of his own family, but by all that knew him.

In short, after making his will, receiving all the sacraments, and expressing his abhorrence in strong and pathetic terms, of all the books of chivalry, Don Quixote’s last hour came. The notary was present, and protested he had never read in any book of chivalry, that ever any knight-errant had died in his bed in so composed and Christian a manner as Don Quixote, who, 20 amidst the plaints and tears of the bystanders, resigned his breath, I mean, died. Which the priest seeing, he desired the notary to draw up a certificate, that Alonzo Quixano, commonly called Don Quixote de la Mancha, was departed this life, and died a natural death ; and he insisted upon this testimonial, lest any other author should raise him from the dead, and write endless stories of his exploits.

This was the end of the ingenious gentleman of La Mancha, the place of whose birth is not expressly named, 30 that all the towns and villages of La Mancha might contend among themselves, and each adopt him for

their own, as the seven cities of Greece contended for Homer. We omit the lamentations of Sancho, the niece, and the housekeeper, with the new epitaphs upon his tomb, excepting this by Sampson Carrasco :—

“ Here lies the flow’r of chivalry,
The knight of courage ample ;
In soul and arms so great was he,
Death could not quell his bravery,
Nor on his laurels trample.

10

He in short time extended wide
Through all the world his glory ;
In madness with Orlando vied,
But like a sober Christian died—
And so concludes his story.”

NOTES

CHAP. I.

- P. 1, l. 1. **La Mancha.** A district of New Castile, the most southerly part of the great tableland of Southern Spain: an almost treeless district, swept by cold winds in winter and very short of water.
- P. 2, l. 30. **helmet.** A proper sixteenth-century helmet consisted of a headpiece or *morion*, with a *vizor* to defend the face, and a *beaver* which could be lifted up to allow of eating or drinking.
- P. 3, l. 15. **Alexander's Bucephalus,** the famous horse of Alexander the Great.
- l. 16. **Cid's Babieca.** The Cid (whose real name was Ruy Diaz Campeador) was a popular figure contemporary in date with William the Conqueror, who remained always the Spanish national hero and type of chivalry. He was probably an outlaw, but a famous champion of Spain against the Moors on his own account, and his exploits were sung for centuries. *Babieca* was the name of his favourite horse. *Cid* is an Arabic word meaning chieftain or commander.
- l. 19. **Rozinante.** Rocin = a wretched, valueless horse. Rozinante therefore is an old hack before, or beyond, all others.
- P. 4, l. 2. **Amadis de Gaul.** The story of Amadis of Gaul (Gaul meaning Gwallia or Wales, not France) was the first of the purely Spanish tales of chivalry, and was current in Spain by 1350, though the original author is unknown. It was added to by various hands during the next two centuries, and became the most famous and popular of all Spanish romances. To Don Quixote Amadis was in all things a model and a pattern, and he could find a parallel from his hero's life to meet any situation.

P. 5, l. 6. *Dulcinea* : the sweet one.

l. 7. at that place, El Toboso.

P. 7, l. 28. a pageant, *i.e.* a person so dressed up.

CHAP. II.

P. 10, l. 10. this night in the chapel of your castle I will watch my armour. The custom of keeping vigil in some church for one night was observed by all those about to receive knighthood. The following morning the new knight put on his armour, received his spurs and his sword, took an oath that he was prepared to die for his law, his lord, and his country, and received the accolade—the sword stroke that made him knight.

P. 12, l. 26. his who lent it, *i.e.* the sun.

CHAP. III.

P. 18, l. 3. *Murcia*, at that time the most important place in Spain for silk manufacture.

P. 19, l. 16. guess at the clue by the thread : judge of the whole piece by a small sample, or of a whole hank of yarn by a mere thread of it.

l. 26. civet among cotton. In Spain the finest perfumes were put up in small phials surrounded with cotton and coloured silks, and enclosed in caskets.

l. 28. spindle of *Guadarrama* : a straight high peak in a range of mountains north-west of Madrid.

P. 22, l. 1. *Valdovinos* and the *Marquis of Mantua* : a reference to an old Spanish ballad of chivalry.

P. 23, l. 26. the barber. In Spanish villages he was also the surgeon.

P. 24, l. 13. misventures : one of the niece's many mistakes ; she means adventures.

l. 23. *Esquife*. The niece means *Alquife*, the famous enchanter in *Amadis de Gaul*.

P. 25, l. 16. *Urganda* : an enchantress in *Amadis de Gaul*.

P. 26, l. 8. licentiate : one licensed, or passed, in a certain degree of learning. In this case, the priest.

CHAP. IV.

P. 28, l. 17. Lord Archbishop *Turpin*. A well-known figure, priest and warrior, in the romances dealing with the wars and great deeds of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers.

- P. 30, l. 8. **Freston** : an enchanter in the romance of *Don Belianis of Greece*, which is said to have been the favourite book of the Emperor Charles V.
- P. 31, l. 27. **buckler**. A round wooden shield strengthened with iron, used by foot-soldiers and quite unsuited to an armed knight on horseback.

CHAP. V.

- P. 35, l. 4. **windmills** in Spain are much smaller than those we are accustomed to in England, and not at all out of reach for a mounted man.
- P. 36, l. 4. **Briareus** : the three-hundred-armed giant of Greek mythology who guarded one of the gates of Tartarus, where the wicked received punishment after death.
- P. 37, l. 4. **pass of Lapice** : through this ran the high road from Madrid to Andalusia.
- l. 31. **Malaga** : a town on the southern coast of Spain, famous for wine.

CHAP. VI.

- P. 40, l. 4. **travelling masks** : masks of pasteboard to protect the face from sun and dust, with crystals for the eyes.
- l. 8. **Biscaine** : from Biscay.
- l. 8. **Seville** : at the time the great port for foreign trade and the place of departure for America.
- P. 45, l. 5. **Manchegan** : from La Mancha.

CHAP. VII.

- P. 48, l. 15. **the holy brotherhood** : a society of men, founded in the thirteenth century and revived by Ferdinand and Isabella in 1476, who patrolled in troops to arrest and punish robbers and those creating disorder on the high roads.
- P. 49, l. 14. **the balsam of Fierabras** : mentioned in the legend of Charlemagne.
- P. 51, l. 8. **Mambrino** : the name of a Saracen in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, based on the romance of Charlemagne. His golden helmet was famous.
- l. 27. **the siege of Albraca** : a reference to the poem, by Boiardo, of *Orlando Inamorato*, in which the King of Tartary besieged Albraca, a fortress in Cathay, to gain possession of the King's beautiful daughter.
- P. 55, l. 15. **acorns** : the sweet acorns of La Mancha are still eaten by the people there as they were in Don Quixote's time.

CHAP. VIII.

- P. 58, l. 12. **Alifanfaron**: this and the following names are invented by Cervantes.

CHAP. IX.

- P. 65, l. 7. **Malandrino**: Sancho tries to say Mambrino.
- P. 68, l. 3. **a piece of eight**, or **piastre**, an old Spanish silver coin worth eight silver reals, or about four shillings.
- P. 69, l. 28. **with that license**: with that permission.
- P. 71, l. 2. **Charon**: the ferryman of Greek legend who ferried souls over the river Styx to Hades after death.
1. 4. **strollers, etc.**, a company of travelling actors.
1. 5. **the octave of Corpus Christi**: the festival of Corpus Christi was instituted by the Pope in 1264 as the most splendid festival of the Church's year. It was celebrated with great processions and prolonged for eight days—*i.e.* the octave.
1. 28. **masques**: something like what we should call a pageant, but the characters were usually allegorical. Songs and music were a great feature.
- P. 72, l. 2. **masque**: here used for masquerader, dressed-up, disguised person.

CHAP. X.

- P. 79, l. 1. **Oran**, in Algeria.

CHAP. XIII.

- P. 104, l. 5. **hold down your wand of justice**, for the witness or the accused to take a solemn oath upon.

CHAP. XV.

- P. 117, l. 9. **sables**: robes trimmed with "sables" (brown fur), worn by great personages.

CHAP. XVI.

- P. 120, l. 15. **Frieslander**: from Friesland, in the Netherlands.
- P. 121, l. 9. **divided the sun equally between them**, so that neither had the sun in their eyes.

CHAP. XVII.

- P. 131, l. 18. **Bachelor**: Carrasco was a Bachelor of the University of Salamanca, *i.e.* he had taken the first or lowest degree.

CHAP. XVIII.

- P. 135, l. 3. **Here stood Troy** : a proverbial phrase, meaning that only the ruins or relics of a great thing are left.
- P. 136 l. 26. **Orlando** : a hero in the romance of Charlemagne.
- P. 138 l. 7. **finer than Mingo** : a proverbial phrase.
- P. 139 l. 14. **to turn shepherd**. Next in favour to romances of chivalry were the so-called pastoral romances, in which there was a very small amount of real country life, and the shepherds spent their time playing on their pipes or making verses to their lady loves. The housekeeper, however, has no illusions about a shepherd's life.

DIFFICULT WORDS

CHAP. I.

P. 1, l. 10. *surtout* : gown.

P. 5, l. 13. *cap-à-pie* : from head to foot.

P. 6, l. 19. *refulgent* : shining.

P. 7, l. 31. *bating* : excepting.

CHAP. IV.

P. 28, l. 32. *admiration* : wonder.

CHAP. V.

P. 34, l. 19. *infantas* : princes and princesses.

CHAP. VII.

P. 50, l. 4. *real* : a small silver coin.

P. 53, l. 16. *commons* : rations, allowance of food.

CHAP. VIII.

P. 59, l. 6. *trucked* : exchanged.

P. 63, l. 10. *rheum* : cold, illness.

CHAP. IX.

P. 69, l. 21. *furniture* : harness.

P. 71, l. 32. *antic* : odd, strange, absurd.

CHAP. X.

P. 78, l. 7. *phlegm* : calmness.

P. 82, l. 16. *posteriors* : hindquarters, back part.

CHAP. XI.

P. 91, l. 4. *prateapace* : foolish talker.

l. 27. *erred* : the Spanish word used here means worn, used, bedraggled.

CHAP. XII.

P. 93, l. 16. **duenna** : lady in waiting.

P. 96, l. 4. **sewer** : the master of ceremonies at a meal.

CHAP. XIII.

P. 100, l. 2. **murrey-coloured camlet** : fine cloth of mulberry colour.

P. 102, l. 18. **cabbage** : steal.

CHAP. XIV.

P. 108, l. 18. **radical** : vital ; literally, at the root.

P. 109, l. 5. **marmalade** : preserved fruit.

CHAP. XV.

P. 112, l. 13. **maugre** : in spite of.

P. 113, l. 13. **succours** : rescues.

CHAP. XVI.

P. 124, l. 7. **pristine** : first, earlier.

CHAP. XVIII.

P. 136 l. 12. **noviciate** : learning time ; generally used of the time of probation undergone by a man or woman wishing to enter a monastic order.

P. 138, l. 1. **breviary** : the book containing the office (*i.e.* Psalms, collects, readings from Scripture, etc.) for each day, which every priest is bound to recite.

l. 20. **founded** : exhausted, worn out with hard going ; used of horses.

P. 140, l. 19. **hyperbolic** : exaggerated, high-flown.

QUESTIONS AND SUBJECTS FOR SHORT COMPOSITIONS

1. What was Don Quixote's ideal of a knight errant ?
2. Collect eight proverbs, or sayings that have become proverbial, from *Don Quixote*. Add any needful explanations of their meaning.
3. Describe fully the adventure of Don Quixote which you most enjoy reading, and give reasons for your choice.
4. Give an account of the character of Sancho Panza, illustrating his qualities from incidents in the story.
5. Write a short essay on Famous Horses (in Mythology, History, Poetry or Fiction).
6. Write a dramatic scene : the Priest, the Housekeeper and the Niece discuss Don Quixote's madness and decide to burn his books (Chap. III.).
7. Write a ballad : Don Quixote and the Windmills (Chap. V.).
8. Write a burlesque poem (in heroic couplets or blank verse or Spenserian stanzas) : Don Quixote and the Sheep (Chap. VIII.).
9. Draw a picture of Death's Cart (Chap. IX.).
10. Write a ballad : Don Quixote and the lions (Chap. X.).
11. Write a dramatic scene (prose or verse) : Sancho Panza as Judge (Chap. XIII.).
12. A letter to Sancho Panza from his wife, Teresa (see p. 138).
13. Write an imaginary conversation between Shakespeare and Cervantes.
14. Can you find out what it is that makes Cervantes such a good story-teller ?
15. Do you think that your sense of humour is anything like that of the Duke and Duchess ? If not, what is the difference, and why do you think there is any difference ?

16. Show how the following words have changed their meaning, since they were used by the translator of *Don Quixote*: conceit (p. 2), discover (p. 7), punctuality (p. 12), advertise (p. 24), admiration (p. 28), presently (p. 29), furniture (p. 86), transported (p. 122).

17. Give the meaning of: archives, acquiesce, epithet, counterfeit, annul, detrimental, cholera, reiterate, discreet, labyrinth, dissipated, apparition.

SUGGESTIONS FOR FURTHER STUDY

Unabridged translations of "Don Quixote." The earliest was made by Thomas Shelton in 1612, and is now to be had in The Tudor Translations edition, published by David Nutt.

The best known later translation is that of Charles Jarvis, the friend of Pope, first brought out in 1742, and since then often reprinted.

Of modern translations, there is a careful one by H. E. Watts, published by A. & C. Black.

Life of Cervantes. The standard one is by James FitzMaurice Kelly (Chapman & Hall).

See also *Cervantes* (Great Writers Series) by H. E. Watts, and the article on "Cervantes" in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

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